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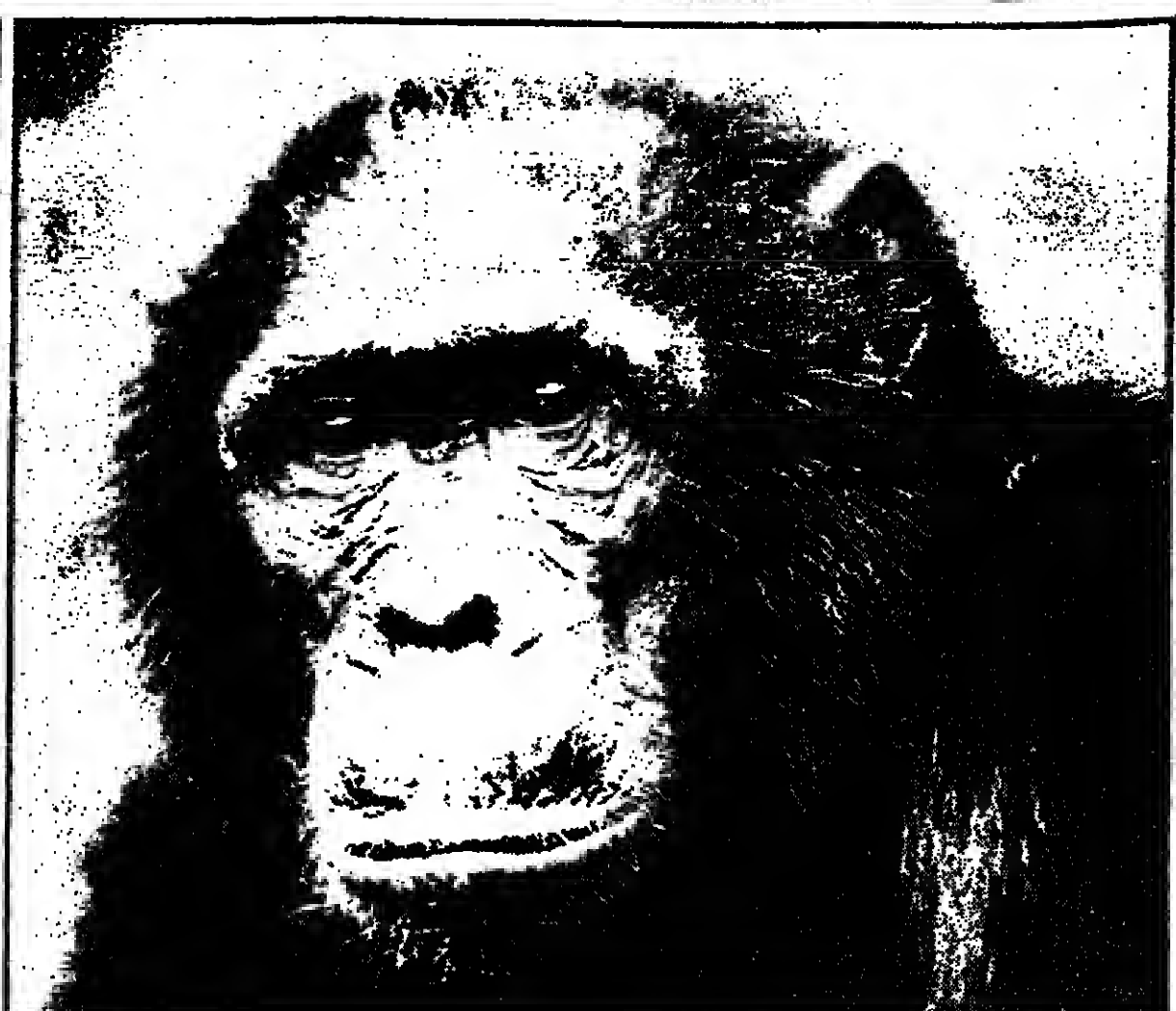
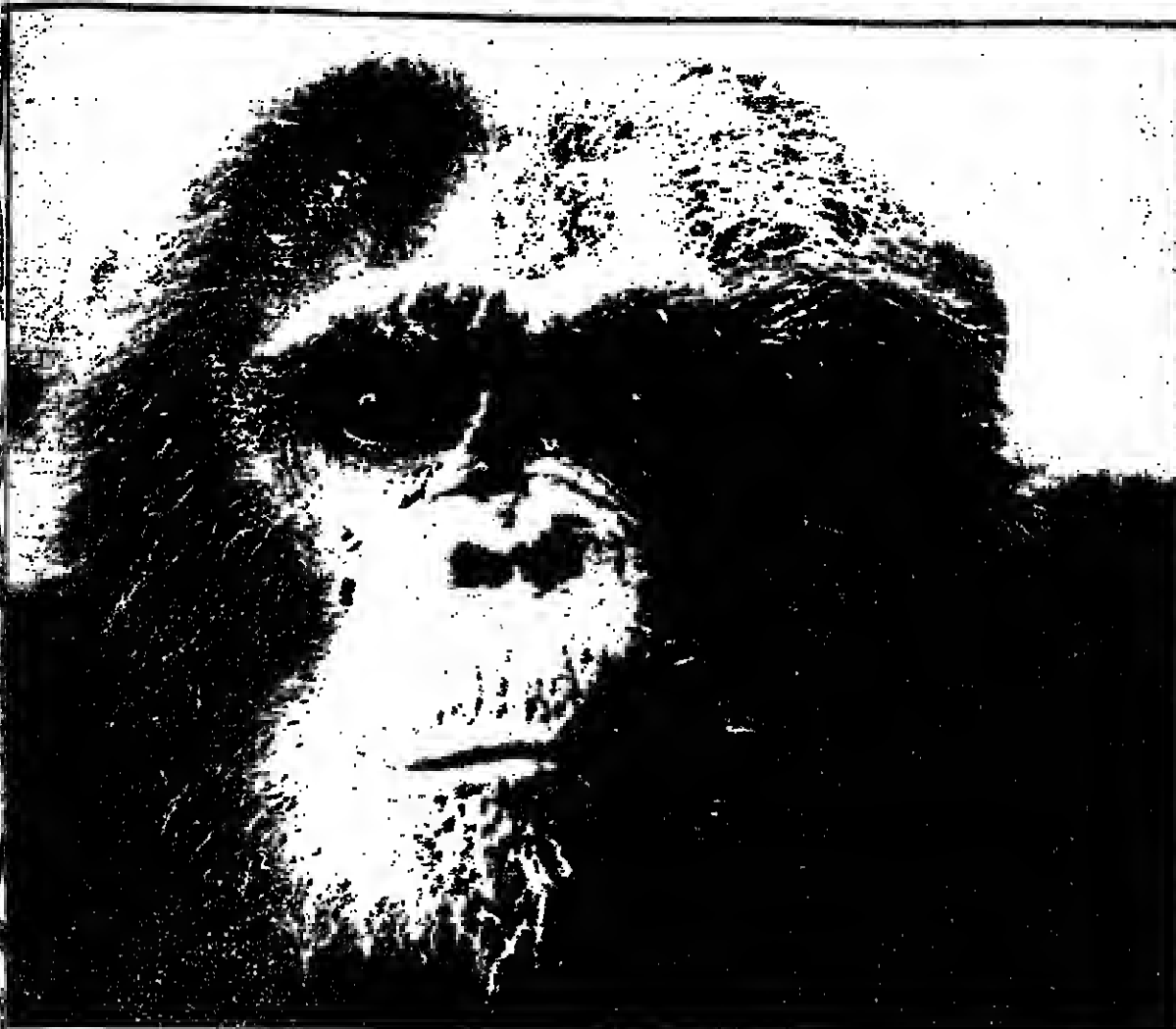
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'There is a great deal in chimpanzee social relationships to remind us of our own behaviour — more, perhaps, than many of us would care to admit': Jane Goodall describes the complex social life of the chimp community, and how one 'strong man' became its dominant member...

Photographs by Hugo van Lawick

HOW MIKE TOOK OVER FROM GOLIATH

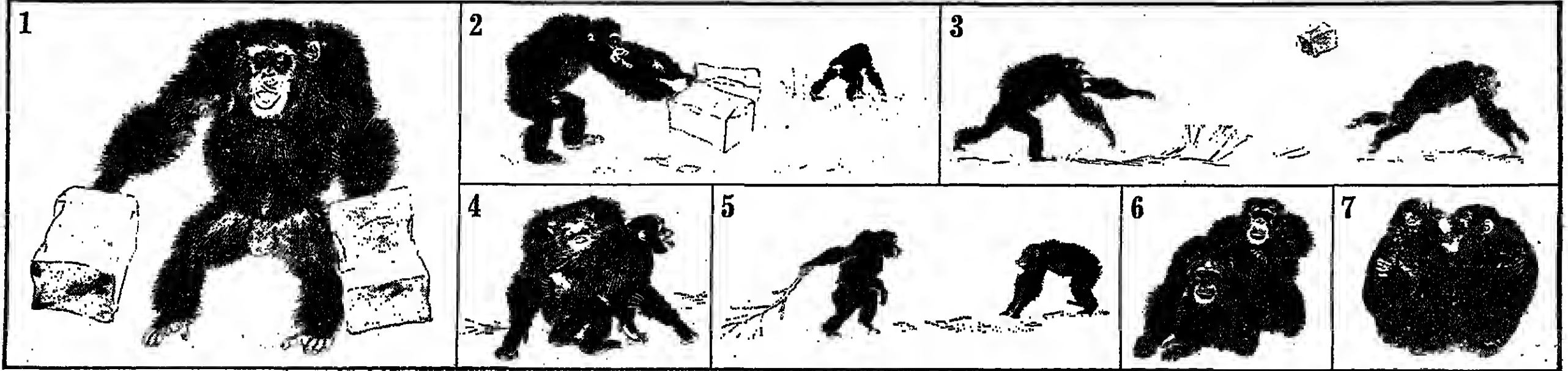
MIKE'S RISE TO THE NUMBER one or top-ranking position in the chimpanzee community was both interesting and spectacular. In 1963 he had ranked almost bottom in the adult male dominance hierarchy. He had been the last to gain access to bananas, and had been threatened and actually attacked by almost every other adult male. Indeed, at one time he had appeared almost bald from being so many handfuls of hair during aggressive incidents with his fellow apes.

When Hugo and I had left the Gombe Stream at the end of that year, before our marriage, Mike's position had not changed: yet when we returned, four months later, we found a very different Mike.

There was one incident that I remember particularly vividly. A group of five adult males, including top-ranking Goliath, David Greybeard and the huge Rodolf, were grooming each other — the session had been going on for some twenty minutes. Mike was sitting on his own about thirty yards from them, frequently starting towards the group, occasionally idly grooming himself.

All at once Mike calmly walked over to our tent and took hold of an empty paraffin can by the handle. Then he picked up a second can and, walking upright, returned to his place, from which he continued to stare towards the other males.

After a few minutes he began to rock from side to side. At first the movement was almost imperceptible; then gradually he rocked more vigorously, his hair slowly began to stand erect, and, softly at



Mike's takeover technique: 1-3, charging displays with paraffin cans; 4, attacking youngsters at the slightest provocation; 5, brandishing branches (and throwing rocks). The result 6-7, mutual grooming and final submission from his rival Goliath. Specially drawn for The Sunday Times by Maurice Wilson

first, he started a series of pant-hoots.

As he called, Mike got to his feet and suddenly he was off, charging towards the group of males, hitting the two cans ahead of him. The cans, together with his crescendo of hooting, made the most appalling racket: no wonder the erstwhile peaceful males rushed out of the way.

Mike and his cans vanished down a track and, after a few moments, there was silence. Some of the males reassembled and resumed their interrupted grooming session, but the others stood around somewhat apprehensively.

After a short interval that low-pitched hooting began again, followed, almost immediately, by the appearance of the two rickety cans with Mike close behind them. Straight for the other males he charged, and once more they fled. This time, even before the group could reassemble, Mike set off again: but he made straight for Goliath — and even he hastened out of Mike's way like all the others.

Then Mike stopped and sat, all his hair on end and breathing hard. His eyes glared ahead and his lower lip was hanging slightly down so that the pink inside showed brightly and gave him a wild appearance.

Rodolf was the first of the males to approach Mike, uttering soft pant-grunts of submission, crouching low and pressing his lips to Mike's thigh. Then he began to groom Mike, and two other males approached, pant-grunting, and began to groom him also. Finally David Greybeard went over to Mike, laid one hand on his groin, and joined in the grooming.

Only Goliath kept away, sitting on his own and staring towards Mike. It was obvious that Mike constituted a serious threat to Goliath's hitherto unchallenged supremacy.

Mike's deliberate use of man-made objects was probably an indication of superior intelligence. Many of the adult males had, at some time or another, dragged a paraffin can to enhance their charging displays, in place of the more normal branches or rocks; but only Mike apparently had been able to profit from the chance experience and learned to seek out the cans deliberately to his own advantage.

The cans, of course, made a great deal more noise than a branch when dragged along the ground at speed, and, after a while, Mike was actually able to keep three cans ahead of him at once for about sixty yards as he ran flat out across the camp clearing. No wonder that the males, previously his superiors, rushed out of his way.

Charging displays usually occur when a chimpanzee becomes emotionally excited; when he arrives at a food source, joins up with another group or when he is frustrated. But it seemed that Mike actually planned his charging displays — almost, one might say, in cold blood. Often, when he got up to fetch his cans, he showed no visible signs of frustration or excitement — that came afterwards when, armed with them, he began to rock from side to side, raise his hair, and hoot.

Eventually Mike's use of paraffin cans became dangerous for he learned to hurl them ahead of him at the close of a charge — once he got me on the back of my head, and once he hit my husband Hugo's film camera. We decided to remove all the cans and, for a while, went through a nightmare period since Mike tried to drag about all manner

of other objects. Finally he had to resort to branches and rocks like his companions.

By that time, however, his top-ranking status was assured, although it was fully another year before Mike himself seemed to feel quite secure in his position. He continued to display very frequently and vigorously, and the lower-ranking chimps had increasing reason to fear him, for often he would attack a female or youngster viciously at the slightest provocation.

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, A tense relationship prevailed between Mike and the ex-dominant male, Goliath, who did not relinquish his position without a struggle. His displays also increased in frequency and vigour, and he too became more aggressive.

Indeed, there was a time, towards the start of this battle for dominance, when Hugo and I feared for Goliath's sanity. After attacking a couple of youngsters and charging back and forth dragging huge branches, he would sit, his hair on end, his sides heaving from exertion, a froth of saliva glistening at his half-open mouth, and a glint in his eyes that, to us, looked not far from madness. We actually had a weld-mesh iron cage built, and when this had been set up in camp, we retreated inside when Goliath's temper was at its worst.

One day, when Mike was sitting in camp, a series of distinctive rather melodious pant-hoots, with characteristic quavers at the close, announced the return of Goliath who had been away to the south for two weeks. Mike responded immediately, hooting and charging across the clearing. Then he climbed a tree and sat staring over the valley, every hair on end.

A few minutes later Goliath appeared and, as he reached the outskirts of the camp clearing, began one of his spectacular displays. He must have seen Mike, for he headed straight for him, dragging a huge branch. Then he leapt up into a tree and was still.

For a moment Mike stared towards him and then he too began to display, swaying the branches of his tree, swinging to the ground, hurling a few rocks and, finally, climbing up into Goliath's tree and swaying the branches there. When he stopped Goliath immediately reciprocated, swinging about in the tree and rocking the branches.

Presently, as one of his wild leaps took him quite close to Mike, Mike too displayed, and for a few unbelievable moments both of the splendid male chimpanzees were swaying branches within a few feet of each other until I thought the whole tree must crash to the ground. But an instant later both chimps were on the ground, displaying in the undergrowth. Finally they stopped and sat, staring at each other.

It was Goliath who moved next,

standing upright as he rocked a sapling; when he pained Mike charged past him, hurling a rock and drumming, with his feet, on the trunk of a tree.

This went on for nearly half an hour: first one male and then the other displayed, and each performance seemed to be more vigorous, more spectacular, than that preceding it. Yet during all this time, apart from occasionally hitting one another with the ends of the branches they swayed, neither chimpanzee actually attacked the other.

Suddenly, after an extra long pause, it seemed that Goliath's nerve broke. He rushed up to Mike, crouched beside him with loud, nervous pant-grunts, and began to groom him with feverish intensity. For a few moments Mike ignored Goliath completely: then he turned and, with a vigour almost matching that of Goliath, began to groom his vanquished rival. And there they sat, grooming each other without pause, for over an hour.

That was the last real duel between the two males. From then on it seemed that Goliath accepted Mike's superiority, and a strangely intense relationship grew up between the two. They often greeted one another with much display of emotion, embracing or patting one another, kissing each other in the neck, after which they usually started grooming each other.

During these grooming sessions it appeared that the tension between them was eased, soothed by the close, friendly physical contact. Afterwards they sometimes fed, or rested quite close to each other, looking peaceful and relaxed as though the bitter rivalry of the past had never been.

Indeed, it is one of the most striking aspects of chimpanzee society that creatures who can so quickly become roused to frenzies of excitement and aggression can, for the most part, maintain such relaxed and friendly relationships with each other.

WOULD MIKE HAVE BECOME the top-ranking male if I, and my paraffin cans, had never invaded the Gombe Stream? We shall never know, of course, but I suspect he would have, in the end. For Mike has a strong desire for dominance, a characteristic marked in some individuals and almost entirely lacking in others.

Over and above this, Mike has unquestionable intelligence — and amazing courage, too. I shall never forget the time, soon after Mike had become the uneasy top-ranking male, when some of the other high-ranking males turned on him. Mike had charged into camp, hurled a few rocks, and, in passing, briefly pounded on David Greybeard.

David Greybeard, in some ways, was a coward for he nearly always tried to avoid trouble and, when he

couldn't, he usually tried to hide behind a higher-ranking companion, such as Goliath. But when he became really roused he could be a very dangerous chimpanzee.

On this occasion David, after running, screaming, away from Mike, turned and began to utter loud, fierce-sounding waa harks. He hurried over to Goliath and embraced him, then turned and again shouted towards Mike. By this time Hugo and I knew David well, and it was obvious that he was furious.

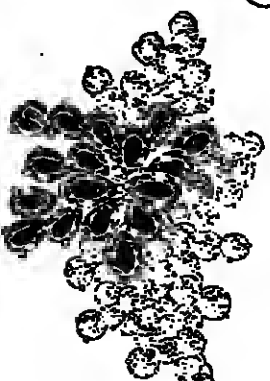
Suddenly David ran forward a short way towards Mike and, immediately, Goliath joined him, adding

his own fierce call to that of his friend. Mike began to display, charging across the clearing towards another group of males. They fled, screaming, but then, as David and Goliath were still calling, they joined in too.

Now it was five strong adult males, including the once top-ranking Goliath, against one. Again Mike charged across the clearing, and all at once, with David in the lead, the others were after him. Mike, screaming now, rushed up a tree, and the others followed. Hugo and I felt sure that this was the

continued on next page

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HOW MIKE TOOK OVER

continued from preceding page

showdown: now Goliath would regain his lost position.

Suddenly, to our amazement, Mike turned—instead of leaping off into the next tree and running away, he turned. He was still screaming, but he began to sway branches violently and the next moment he took a leap towards the five. In a flurry of fright they rushed down the tree, almost falling over one another in their haste, and fled with Mike after them.

When Mike sat, his hair on end, his eyes glaring, the others stayed away from him, cowed. Mike had won a spectacular victory by bluff.

WHEN I REFER TO MIKE AS the dominant male, what I really mean is that he became top-ranking amongst those individuals that we know—individuals whose normal range includes our home valley. Once I had become really familiar with all the chimpanzees of our community, I quickly realised, from visits to the north and south of the Reserve, that there are, in fact, two other communities. Many of the individuals comprising these groups seldom or never travel as far as our centrally located valley, but there is, without doubt, some intermixing between chimpanzees of the three communities.

One fully mature male, whose normal range, so far as we know, lay to the south, did start to visit our feeding station; he would come for a week or so at a time when he was in the vicinity and then disappear back to his normal haunts. Just before he died he became quite a regular visitor to camp, but his relationships with the males of our group were always rather tense.

Quite often females from the northern or southern communities arrive at camp during their periods of sexual swelling, brought along by our males; and once they have discovered our bananas some of them become fairly regular visitors, whilst others come only once or twice in a year.

On a number of occasions I have seen individuals from two of the main communities meet up and mingle without aggression, feeding together side by side. But it seems that Mike himself is reluctant to mix with the chimps to the north and south of his domain. A few times when "strangers" called from a neighbouring valley, Mike, after much displaying and calling, turned back, taking some of his group with him, whilst others moved on to mix with the strangers. A chimpanzee community is an extremely complex social organisation: it was only when a large number of individuals began to visit the feeding area, so that I could make regular observations on their interactions one with another, that I began to appreciate just how complex it is.

The members who comprise it move about in constantly changing associations and yet, though the society seems to be organised in such a casual manner, each individual knows his place in the social structure—knows his status in relation to any other chimpanzee he may chance upon during the

day. Small wonder there is such a wide range of greeting gestures—and that most chimpanzees do greet each other when they meet after a separation.

Figan, going up to an older male with a submissive pant-grunt, is probably affirming that he remembers quite well the little aggressive incident of two days before when he was thumped soundly on the back. "I know you are dominant: I admit it: I remember," is the sort of communication inherent in his submissive gesturing. "I acknowledge your respect: I shall not attack you just now," is implicit in the gentle patting movement of Mike's hand as he greets a submissive female.

As Hugo and I became increasingly familiar with Mike's community we began to learn more and more about the variety of relationships which existed between different adult chimpanzees. Some individuals only interacted when chance—such as a fruiting tree or a sexually attractive female—threw them together. Others moved about together frequently and showed an affectionate tolerance and regard for each other which, we felt, could best be described as friendship.

And, as our study continued, we found that some friendships persisted over the years whilst others were of relatively short duration. We learnt, too, to appreciate the different characteristics of male and female chimpanzees. And the more we learned, the more we were impressed by the obvious parallels between some chimpanzee and some human relationships.

Firm friendships, like that between Goliath and David Greybeard, seem to be particularly prevalent amongst male chimpanzees. Mike and the irascible, testy old J.B. travelled about in the same group very frequently. When I first knew them, J.B. was the higher-ranking of the two, but Mike's strategies with the paraffin cans served to subordinate J.B. along with all the other males.

However, once things had settled down, with Mike secure in the top-ranking position, it became apparent that J.B. had also risen in the social ladder. When he was in a group with Mike, J.B. was able to dominate Goliath as well as other males who had held a higher rank than he before Mike's rise. These other males quickly accepted J.B. as second to Mike, but Goliath asserted his old superiority over J.B. on many occasions when Mike was not part of the group.

Leakey and Mr Worzle were two other males who frequently travelled together. In temperament they were very different. Leakey is robust, high-ranking and usually good-natured. Mr Worzle, on the other hand, was always nervous, both in his dealings with other chimps and with humans. He was very low-ranking indeed and, even before he became really decrepit before his death, was subordinate to all the other adult males—and some of the adolescent males also.

Nevertheless, the two spent hours in each other's company, grooming each other, feeding and moving from place to place together, building their nests in the same or neighbouring trees. When Leakey was with him, Mr Worzle always seemed far more relaxed and confident. With the exception of David

What a chimp's expression means

CHIMPANZEES have a wide range of calls which, though not to be compared with human speech, do convey certain types of information. When a chimp finds good food, his loud barks make others aware of it and they hurry to join in. An attacked chimpanzee screams, and this may alert his mother, or a friend, who may hurry to his aid. A male chimpanzee, about to enter a valley, utters loud pant-hoots, and other individuals realise not only that another member of the group is arriving but also which one. A mother knows the scream of her off-spring.



Chimpanzees can undoubtedly recognise each other from their voices alone



From left: Display Face shown by aggressive chimpanzees, especially during charging displays or when attacking others. It is not accompanied by calling. Fly Face: when a game becomes vigorous the upper lip is often drawn back and up so that the top teeth are also exposed; frequently accompanied by a series of grunting sounds or barks. Grinning: the facial expressions typically shown by

chimpanzees as they utter Pant-hoots, a series of hoo sounds (third from left) connected by audible intakes of breath, gradually getting louder and usually ending with waaa sounds (right) also connected by panting intakes of breath. Pant-hoots are given in a variety of contexts, especially when chimpanzees

arrive at a food source, join another group or cross from one valley to another. They also serve as a contact call between spread-out individuals or groups: chimpanzees sleeping within earshot of each other may exchange pant-hoots during the night, particularly when there is a bright moon.

Drawings by David Bygott

Grinning: Full open grin (left) usually shown by chimpanzees who are frightened or very excited. Full closed grin (right) is the expression of a chimpanzee who is probably less frightened or excited than one showing an open grin. Sometimes a low-ranking chimpanzee may approach a superior in silence while showing a closed grin. If the human nervous or social smile has its equivalent expression in the chimpanzee this, without doubt, is it.

Chimpanzees grunt in a variety of contexts: during feeding, grooming, and as close-range contact calls between the individuals of a peaceful group. A series of rapid grunts, connected by audible intakes of breath, are known as pant-grunts. A subordinate chimpanzee is likely to pant-grunt as he approaches a superior during a greeting or after being attacked. Loud barking often occurs when a group is socially excited: very loud food barks often occur as chimpanzees arrive at a favoured food source and during the first few minutes of intensive feeding. When mildly threatening another chimpanzee (or animal of another

species including humans) a chimpanzee utters a soft bark—a sound very like a single quiet cough. A more vigorous threat brings a loud bark. The waaaa call is one of the most savage sounds of the African jungle; it is long-drawn-out and clear, pitched rather high, and is made when chimpanzees come across something unusual or slightly disturbing in the forest. It was with this call that the chimpanzees acknowledged Jane Goodall's approach in the early days once they had got over their initial terror of her. They may use this call when they come across a dead chimpanzee.

and Goliath, who bore no resemblance at all to each other, we have been able to detect similarities in either physical make-up or behavioural characteristics—or both—in all of the pairs of male friends that we have known. This was particularly striking in the case of Leakey and Mr Worzle.

Mr Worzle had extraordinary eyes, for the part around the iris was white instead of brown as in other chimpanzees: His eyes, therefore, exactly resembled those of a man.

two adult females I ever saw playing with each other, rolling about on the ground, tickling one another and panting with laughter, each with her infant cradled in one arm.

The adult females of the chimpanzee community are almost always submissive to adult males—and, indeed, to many of the older adolescent males. But they have their own dominance hierarchy in which Flo, for many years, was supreme, respected and even feared by old and young females alike.

Flo was exceptionally aggressive towards her own sex, and she would tolerate no insubordination from young adolescent males. Much of her confidence no doubt resulted from the fact that she was so often accompanied by her two eldest sons and, with the aggressive Fifi as well, the family was formidable indeed.

Flo at one time often wandered about together with the mother, Oily. But their relationship was very different from that between, say, David and Goliath. For one thing, Flo was frequently aggressive towards Oily, and for another, neither would go to the assistance of the other in times of trouble. The only time I have seen them united was when they would gang up on a young stranger female.

We have seen other sudden alliances in similar circumstances, but we have not seen them gang up in this way on stranger adolescent males: nor have we seen adult males of our group driving away strangers of either sex from the feeding area.

What, then, motivates the aggressive behaviour of these females? Is it perhaps the fact that older females, who normally have a much smaller range than males, are more territorial? Or could it be due to some more complex emotion—do old females, perhaps, resent the attention paid to young stranger females by "their" adult males.

Are they, in other words, motivated by the emotion which, in human beings, we call jealousy? We cannot be sure—but sometimes it certainly seems like it.

The female chimpanzee is, indeed, very different from the male, although, as with humans, some females show masculine characteristics, and vice versa. Adult females, typically, resort to pleading with many of the gestures and calls made by infants when they are trying to get their own way with a social superior. It appears, too, that females are more likely than males to harbour grudges.

THERE IS, INDEED, A GREAT deal in chimpanzee social relationships to remind us of some of our own behaviour; more, perhaps, than many of us would care to admit. Only by carrying on our research for years to come, and studying the social structure in a group where blood-relationships between the different individuals are known, shall we succeed in understanding the whole complex and intricate pattern.

In chimpanzee communities, of course, family groups comprise only a mother and some or all of her offspring; the father, apart from his necessary contribution to the conception of a child, plays no further part in its development. Indeed, neither we nor the chimpanzees normally have any idea as to which male was responsible for siring which child. This exclusion of the male from familial responsibilities is, perhaps, one of the major differences between human and chimpanzee societies. For most human family groups look upon the father not only as the begetter of the children, but as the protector; and usually as the provider of food, or land, or money.

Human families, of course, vary enormously in structure. The smallest unit, the husband,

and children, can be extended to include two or two hundred wives and any number of blood relations and relations by marriage. As yet we do not know whether the chimpanzee family group ever expands to include grandchildren as an integral part of the unit: certainly, though, it can never include the "wife" or children of a male offspring or the "husband" of a female offspring.

Despite this basic difference, the behaviour of many human males is not so different from chimpanzee males as might be expected. A vast number of human males, whilst they may be only too anxious at times for feminine company, are equally keen for most of the time to get away from women and relax in the ease of male companionship. Chimpanzee males seem to feel rather the same. Of course they cluster round pink females when these are available. But often they travel about and feed in all-male groups, and they are more likely to groom each other than they are to groom females or youngsters.

Never, however, have we seen anything which could be regarded as homosexuality in chimpanzees. Certainly a male may mount another in moments of stress or excitement, clasp the other round the waist, and he may even make thrusting movements of the pelvis—but there is no intromission.

It is true, too, that a male may try to calm himself or another male by reaching out to touch or pat the other's genital, but, whilst we still have much to learn about this type of behaviour, it certainly does not imply homosexuality. He only does this in moments of stress, and he will touch or pat a female on her genitals in exactly the same context.

What about the normal heterosexual relationships which may develop between humans and those that may be observed between chimpanzees? The obvious difference between the two species lies in the fact that men and women are capable of establishing and maintaining monogamous relationships, both physical and spiritual, of long duration, and this sort of bond is unknown in chimpanzees.

Monogamy, however, is far from being the only relationship found between men and women; and even in societies where monogamy is the rule, it is nevertheless an accepted fact that unmarried—and even married—males will indulge in love affairs, or pick-up women for a night, or visit brothels. Many young girls, too, will show promiscuous sexual behaviour if given the chance.

It may, in fact, be that what we think of as true love—an emotion which embraces both the body and the mind of the beloved, which mellow with time and brings about harmony of living, which removes any need, in the man or the woman concerned, for another sexual partner—is, indeed, one of the rarest of human heterosexual relationships.

Sexual relationships between male and female chimpanzees are, in large part, similar to those which can be observed among many young people in England and America today.

In other words, chimpanzees are very promiscuous. But this does not mean that every female will accept every male who courts her.

Gigi, a young female a little older than Fifi, showed a marked objection to the advances of the aggressive male Humphrey. She invariably had a large male retinue when she went pink—but when all the other males were satisfied, there would be Humphrey, his hair on end, glaring at Gigi, shaking branches, hunching his shoulders, stamping with his foot on the ground, moving cautiously towards her. All the while Gigi would be screaming and moving away from him.

Sometimes Humphrey gave chase, but, though he once shook her out of the tree in which she had sought refuge, we never saw him actually "rape" her. Quite often, though, he managed to get his way through dogged persistence. He went on and on courting her every time she went pink. His persistence was certainly rewarded eventually for, two years later, Gigi seemed almost to prefer Humphrey to any other male.

Sometimes a male chimpanzee will actually insist on an unwilling female accompanying him on his travels until he is no longer interested in her, or she manages to escape. The relationship which the large Rodolf struck up with Fifi—accompanying her during her extended pink period—was rather different. Rodolf showed none of the bullying, aggressive behaviour towards Fifi which characterised the relationships of Leakey and the others to the females of their choice. Rodolf followed Fifi wherever she went, and it was to him that she most often turned for comfort when she was hurt or upset.

It is, of course, fruitless to speculate as to the sort of heterosexual relationships which might develop if chimpanzee physiology were different: if, for example, Fifi had been able to offer Rodolf continuing sexual satisfaction, if the female reproductive cycle of the chimp were the same as that of the human. The fact remains that female chimpanzees have evolved in such a way that they are only sexually receptive to males for a mere ten days per month; provided that is that they are neither pregnant nor lactating which, in older females, means that they may be denied sexual activity for up to five years.

Although their relationships may sometimes be shadowy forerunners of human love affairs, I cannot conceive chimpanzees developing emotions, one for the other, comparable in any way to the tenderness, the protectiveness, the tolerance and the spiritual exhilaration which are the hallmarks of human love in its truest and deepest sense. For chimpanzees usually show a lack of consideration for each other's feelings which, in some ways, may represent the deepest part of the gulf between them and us.

These articles are edited from *In the Shadow of Man*, by Jane van Lawick-Goodall, with photographs by Hugo van Lawick, to be published on October 18 by Collins at £2.50.

Next Sunday: The terrible death of Mr McGregor

THEATRES

Continued from page 20

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Cyril Connolly discusses the contrasting worlds of two Catholic writers

HAIR-SHIRT AND HAPPINESS

and young Catholic novelists are ruled by a chasm. For instance, Graham Greene, who is still alive, sings to the modern world of jets, insecurity, wars and revolutions; and the late Marie Belloc Lowndes, that of the obscure de ritz and Pax Britannica. One is a convert stretches his religion to the limits of orthodoxy, the other a serene Catholic, sister of Hilary Belloc, of Maurice Barling and Chesterton. Both share an interest in the history of the Catholic Church, and Mrs Belloc Lowndes wrote a novel about Jack the Ripper, "The Lodger," as famous in its day as "The Rock."

used to dine with her sometimes: excellent food, amusing people, the less manifesting a passionate interest in human behaviour and a very expert in affairs of the heart. She was like Hemingway's old lady or an Agatha Christie line, and murders seemed there a of parlour game at which she liked. She had stood by Wilde and frequented the Asquith circle; she not brilliant like Rebecca West but fool either. I wonder what she had made of Graham Greene.

remember him at Oxford, where were contemporaries. He seemed to me much alone and to wear a pensive look, like a service chief who has the sole knowledge of some fatal disaster, or like the only survivor from it. In his autobiography "Sort of Life" (Bodley Head, £1.50) tells us he was drunk all day—on—but he did not give that impression. I think his cold blue and slightly aberrant eyes, his drawn face, gave the picture. I wish I had not been read by it and had a friend in.

my question is answered. In introduction to her Diaries and Letters, 1911-47 (Chatto and Windus, £3.50, pp. 304) Mrs Belloc Lowndes daughters (one is married to a Portuguese man of letters who edited English paper in Lisbon) write: "I was intensely interested in literature and art of writing. Mrs Belloc Lowndes was a good friend to many young men whose work she admired and who were downcast by their initial lack of success. When Mr Graham Greene, a young man published 'The Man in the Hat', Marie Belloc Lowndes at once liked that a major writer had read."

Graham Greene's A Sort of Life does go much beyond this "success" theme, though he does take it down "Stamboul Train" (1932). Whereas in Waugh never looked back after one might almost say since 1926, his pre-Raphaelite researches well known even before "Line and Fall"—I don't suppose Mr Greene became famous until "The Rock" (1938). His early failure to provide him with a although he lacked the expensive tastes of so many of his contemporaries (his sales rose only by a sand from his first novel to his).

suppose one might call A Sort of Life a frustrating book: the general is rather tepid, as if he had left little bit too late and was not content to pass on much enthusiasm to the reader.

other way to put it is that while

it emerges clearly that Graham Greene was a neurotic, that he tried to commit suicide, was suspected of epilepsy, was even psychoanalysed as well as being a manic-depressive, a German spy and a member of the Communist Party, all before leaving Oxford—was in fact a rebel and premature drop-out—he does not even now understand the springs of his rebellion or his vein of self-destructiveness. How did this member of a large, intelligent and affectionate family become a Baudelaire? We observe him, as he observes himself, from the outside, recording a case-history for which some of the key data are lacking. We re-read the story of



Marie Belloc Lowndes in 1933: "She loved the world," Belloc, Graham Greene: "ingrained pessimism"



his Russian roulette with a revolver with one loaded chamber, but each time he spins the barrel we are less clear as to his motive.

His childhood is conventional enough. As the son of the headmaster of Berkhamsted, where Peter Quennell and Claud Cockburn were also pupils, he read the same boys' books, developed the same feelings about water, shrubberies, potting sheds, was afraid of bats, disliked dormitories and boys' lavatories, was mildly bullied and wrote his way out of it. (He deprecates all his literary activities to such an extent that we are surprised to find that he was ever published.) His university career was uneventful, so was his love-life: his grand passion was for a family governess, he married young and became a Catholic to win his wife.

His happiest years seem to have been spent as a sub-editor on The Times, and he gives a very pleasant picture of a womb-like atmosphere where "no one was ever sacked or resigned" and where, by the way, Mrs Belloc Lowndes' husband was then working.

But happiness was thrown away for the illusion of a novelist's career, a career whose rewards were not to come till many years later when his ingrained pessimism would hamper his capacity for enjoying them.

In later life he has treated sick countries, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Liberia as chambers in the revolver he holds to his head. He fires and the result is not leprosy, torture or a bullet in the brain, but another best seller. I found I enjoyed his autobiography more and more as his childhood receded, and I wish he could have brought it up to the last war with The Times being balanced by the Spectator.

Boredom oppressed him as severely as his contemporary Day-Lewis. One more split and his epiphany could have been "mort sur le champ d'ennui."

Boredom seemed to swell like a balloon to the head; it became a pressure inside the skull; sometimes I feared the balloon would burst and I would lose my reason. It was the fear of boredom which took me to Tabasco during the religious persecution, to a leprosy in the Congo, to the Kikuyu reserve during the Mau Mau insurrection, to the emergency in Malaya and to the French war in Vietnam. The smell of opium is more agreeable than the smell of success.

Not for Marie Belloc Lowndes. She loved the world, and her diaries are repositories for the wildest gossip and rumours, especially in wartime. How many times did she record that Germany was beaten, broke, or on the verge of revolution, both in 1914 and 1938? "He said he thought the war would end in July" (1915). "Germany has lost 4 cruisers and 20-30 destroyers off the Dogger Bank". "the Germans had no ammunition and no money to pay for it". "Germany is on the brink of bankruptcy" (Henry James, February, 1915); "Winston Churchill says he expects a fleet of a hundred Zeppelins to leave for England on the eve of the German Emperor's birthday... thirty will reach London and he estimates the casualties at 10,000-12,000." Her account of the abdication is an agreeable mixture of gossip and observation with more understanding of Mrs Simpson than is to be found in the diaries of Chips Channon or Harold Nicolson.

While we read A Sort of Life to get to know better an outstanding writer, we enjoy the Diaries and Letters because they soothe us in the small hours with their reminiscences of the great and with Marie Belloc Lowndes' own flashes of insight. The kind of brilliance, utter lack of morality and easy-goingness of the Asquith family as a whole, spoils the men who frequent this circle for any other kind of life. Everything seems "flat" and "stupid" after the Asquiths. They have one horror, i.e., "a bore."

She (Margot Asquith) was a terrible example of the effect of always thinking of money and longing for what only money can buy. . . . She could not conceal what she was feeling. I think what has impressed me most in my life of observation of human beings is the lies that are told with reference to the relations of men and women.

I have copied out, as did Asquith himself, a sentence of his daughter Violet here quoted: "Life is so short and death so certain and when death comes the silence and separation are so complete, that one can never make too much of the ties and affections and relationships which bind us to the living."



Marjorie Faithfull: on the way back from Press-headlines to an all-round career

FAITHFULL IN HER FASHION

Philip Oakes interviews a pop-singer turned actress

A FUNNY THING happened on the way to the Pyramids. It was four o'clock in the morning. The light lay heavily on the desert. And there was Marjorie Faithfull swathed in grey chiffon, sinking her way around the Sphinx.

Movie business, naturally, but not with a cast of thousands. The film—still shooting—was Kenneth Anger's Lucifer Rising, involving its way towards completion on a mini-budget of £25,000. Half the cash has come from West German TV; the rest from our very own National Film Finance Corporation. Apart from Miss Faithfull, who plays Lilith, the cast includes Donald Cammell (co-director of Performance) as Osiris, and a Canadian named Hayden Cooté as Lucifer.

What they're all doing is hard to say. There's no real script. The film exists largely in Anger's head as a ceremony, a ritual almost, which he's been outworking for years. Last week they pitched camp at Eichenstein in Germany where there's a pre-Christian temple embedded in a spectacular rock formation (a cross, says Miss Faithfull, between Stonehenge and the Grand Canyon). Other sequences have been filmed at Anger's flat and the final product promises to be as rich and rare as his other movies—notably Scorpio Rising and Invocation of My Demon Brother—which notch up steady returns on the underground and university circuit.

Marjorie Faithfull's last film was Girl on a Motor Cycle, in which she zoomed along the autobahn, naked beneath a black leather suit, to meet her lover, Alain Delon. She came to a sticky end in the last reel, in a crash almost as spectacular as the calamities which subsequently

mauled her private life and her professional career. It comes as a shock to realise that she's only twenty-four.

The Kenneth Anger film came up after she'd been offered a part in a Hammer horror movie. The offer was withdrawn after the insurance company scanned her accident-prone past and declined to take the risk. "I can see why. But most of what happened to me was because of ill-health, including a miscarriage at seven months. I think I understand my own frailty now. But it means that I have to work twice as hard to convince anyone that I have any talent at all. If I can finish this film without mishap, perhaps things will be different."

In a way, it's an act of faith. There's no doubt about Anger's talent as a director, but he tends to use actors as objects to be deployed in his own private strategy. "Exotic" would be one way to describe him, but Miss Faithfull finds him not at all daunting. She's the daughter of a baroness; her great-great-uncle was Baron Leopold Sacher-Masoch, who (reluctantly) lent his name to masochism; and as the consort of superstars (an experience she describes pretty tartly) she has weathered some stormy headlines.

She's not certain where the adventure with Anger will lead, but it's an interesting trip. "As Lilith, all that I'm sure about is that grey is my colour scheme. I wear some fantastic clothes designed by Laura Jameson; grey

chiffon, grey velvet, grey silver-fox. Grey skin, too. Kenneth discovered the most makeup from Blithe Spirit, and my face and arms are all silvery."

"We did one sequence in Egypt in which I have to crawl towards a skull covered in Max Factor blood, perched on a cemetery wall. That, and shivering round the Sphinx. I kept wondering: what's the past tense of 'slink'? Is it 'slink', or is it 'slank'?"

It's the least of her worries. This week she's in Edinburgh rehearsing her part in Mollere's Le Misanthrope, directed by Bill Braddon, with Jack Shepherd in the lead. The play opens for a four-week run next month, and for Miss Faithfull—an excellent Irina in the Royal Court production of The Three Sisters, and a touching Ophelia in Tony Richardson's Hamlet—it's another league on the road back.

"I've never played a funny part before, and I've simply got to show that I can do it. Honestly, I'm quite a good actor. And I mean actor—not actress, which somehow sounds all furs and diamonds. I've got a photographic memory, so there's no problem in learning my lines. In fact, I learn everyone else's too. It's probably the only thing I can do really well."

"In the past, though, when I've done a play the people I'm working with always seem to think it a bit odd. 'Are you making another record?' they ask, 'because that's really your

job isn't it.' And it's hard to convince them that I'm serious about acting."

In fact, she's utterly serious, but—after four years—she's back in the record business too. Her last single, Sister Morphine, was banned by the BBC ("They thought it was about drugs, although it was actually about a car crash"), but she is now planning a new album to be produced by Mike Leander.

"All I know is that it will be very musical; I don't think singers concentrate enough on the music. There will be long passages in which I don't sing at all. It's not going to be a preposterous superstar thing, because—you can laugh—but what I want to be, in inverted commas, is an all-round entertainer. I don't want to be money-hip. No more flag-waving. I just want to work. I need the money. And what's more important, I enjoy it."

In a way, it's a kind of abdication; a hopeful goodbye to all that. "I don't feel really to blame for all those headlines in the past. Really, I'm quite pure. I've not had so many lovers. It's simply that they were over-published. I'm quite poor now. In the old days I had access to a lot of money, but I never felt it was mine. It's like going back to square one. I grew up very poor. I happened to get a good education: a charity education, but excellent. But it's what I've learned in the past couple of years that's important. My son Nicholas is five now, and he's just started to ride a bike. The other day I took off the stabiliser and let him go. He managed beautifully, and I thought how marvellous, you can do it on your own. Now it's my turn."

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A little knowledge

FILMS □ DEREK PROUSE

"CARNAL KNOWLEDGE" (Leicester Square: director Mike Nichols; X) is in all senses of the word a sophisticated picture: its wit is steely and urban; its emotional terrain is a sex war where men judge women according to their capacity to conform to adolescent fantasies and the women vengefully watch for the first signs of impotence and the chance of alimony.

The two main characters (played by Jack Nicholson and Arthur Garfunkel) are first seen as college boys obsessed by the urgent need to lose their virginity. "I feel like I do about going to college," admits the Nicholson character, Jonathan. "I'm being pressured into it." He is the first to succeed, however, which he does by seducing his best friend's girl.

Ten years later Jonathan sets up house with a shape that coincides exactly with that of his life-long dream (she is amazingly well played by Ann-Margret) but soon learns that a vast breast is no guarantee of domestic bliss: she rapidly degenerates into what a sharp-tongued rival describes as "a ton of lard" who spends her days asleep in an unmade bed. It never occurs to him, as he roars abuse at her, that he is somewhat to blame for offering nothing but the housekeeping

money and the company of his body in bed. With this dream shattered, his only defence against impotence is to pay an ageing call-girl a hundred dollars to coax him into an erection with a word-perfect eulogy to himself as the greatest thing that ever happened.

Is Jules Feiffer's superficially brilliant, exorcising, hilarious and occasionally repellent script asserting that the American male is locked in his own sex fantasies which eventually cut him off from all valid human communications? Well, hardly: Jonathan's friend marries his first love and grows glummer through the years. He takes up with a teen-age hippie whose values are affirmative—at least, he claims that they are—for, significantly, Mr Feiffer gives her not a single word to utter.

The film is written mainly in the form of duologues and, wisely, Mike Nichols does not hamper his cast with any extravagances of visual style: he allows them full freedom to create their bleak world in which love, or even affection, have only the puniest chances of survival. I would find this deeply depressing if I did not believe that what Mr Feiffer has really written about is not so much carnal knowledge as carnal arrested development.

Willard (Carlton; director

Daniel Mann; X) is a young man who has grown up surrounded by a grisly collection of relatives and it is not surprising that he turns to the rats in the garden for company. Under his affectionate care they turn into an obedient but, when betrayed, vengeful horde and provide some pretty hair-raising scenes. Bruce Davison gives a well-judged performance as Willard and there is a subtly appealing performance by the Head Rat, Ben.

There is a long sequence in Blind Tawny (director Richard Fleischer; Odeon, Marble Arch, X) which is also horrific with Min Farrow as a blind girl walking through a familiar house unaware that all the other inhabitants are lying around hideously murdered by the killer still on the premises. Thereafter the script topples into absurd improbability.

The Gunfight (ABC 2; director Lamont Johnson; A) has the distinction of having been financed by the Jicarilla Apache tribe. It is an unpretentious Western which casts a sardonic eye on the behaviour of a small township intent on forcing a couple of gun-fighters to stage a duel to the death in place of the customary sundry bullfight. Kirk Douglas and Johnny Cash play the gunmen and the latter in particular creates a strong, lonely image as a reluctant combatant.



Two of John Farnham's charming costumes for Joseph Losey's prize-winning *The Go-Between*. Alan Bates as the homespun tenant farmer and Julie Christie's tea-on-the-lawn dress. The film of L. P. Hartley's novel opens at ABC 1 on Thursday

The false dawn?

TELEVISION □ MAURICE WIGGIN

a distraction. True, it is sometimes helpful to see the man you are arguing with; the men who are arguing with one another. The visual element does help us (not always reliably) in forming an opinion about the character of the speaker. But I should say that it is arguable whether this element of helpfulness is not cancelled out by the element of distraction.

Like it or not, and I'm aware that a great many people do not like it, the basis of our human civilisation is verbal and conceptual. The dangers are jargon and rhetoric. But these exist in pictures, too. On those occasions when the image and the word join forces to produce a greater impact than either separately, television becomes truly luminous. Such occasions are not common, and as one who, like Time in the poem, "worships language and forgives everyone by whom it lives," I reserve a deepening suspicion of the ubiquitous camera.

I don't think I've seen anything else which can really claim to be new; though several "slightly shop-soiled" things which will very likely be popular, and why not? Owen MD is a spin-off from The Doctors and a fairly obvious attempt to re-create an up-dated Tancher in the contemporary. The difference is that the camera is actually an impediment to rational argument. The mute images available have little or nothing to say; at best a decoration, at worst

Finlay role, now made definitely minor, is taken by Alan Moore. If one may judge by the first week's stories, this is going to be another soap opera pitched somewhere between The Newcomers and Crossroads, with a mild-mannered favour and a busy logical conscience, to use the jargon. As all art is said to aspire to the condition of music, so all soap opera aspires to a durability of Coronation Street. There seems no obvious reason why Owen MD should not run as long as any other competitor in this hard-boiled genre of vicarious gossip; and while it runs, I read.

Another spin-off is Barlow at Large, in which our star, Stratford Johns, enjoys a well-earned holiday from his lugubrious companions of Softly, Softly. He really is a star; like Raymond Burr in Ironside, the vanished Burke in Public Eye, he exercises a magnetism which is not easy to describe. The current cant word is charisma, and though now jargon, it is accurate. Every one whom I ask shares my nostalgia for the vanished Margaret of Rupert Davies. I think we'd all welcome a re-make, in colour, and to hell with novelty!

I feel that in a sense John's Barlow, Burr's Ironside, are both made-over Margarets, one British, one American. The differences are of a central magnitude: the core of similarity is essential. Unfortunately the new Barlow stories began quite perplexingly; a high gloss finish did not dis-

guise the narrative strain. Of course, they may pick up, but the master, Elwyn Jones, did not seem at ease outside his own created format of Task Force. And I'm bound to say that not even Alfred Burke, the lovable Marked, could long survive stories of the calibre of last week's Public Eye. The trouble is that we want our favourites to be immortal, and the strain on writers is tremendous. I cannot really blame the impresarios for scraping the bottom of the barrel; we are at home with our families and hate to say farewell. But it's simply asking too much.

The Troubleshooters returns, glossy as ever, beautifully produced, played with any amount of panache, and with John Carson coming in to make good the lamented loss of Robert Hardy. There have been so many series based on the drama of big business, the hammy histrionics of board room and bedroom, that it now seems odd but. But this is still the most spectacular of them all, and if the stories come to a halt, it will be a pity. A cursory study of the news should persuade us that they do not overstate the lurid reality. Though The Troubleshooters has always had several mildly interesting characters, it suffers from that very diffusion of interest, the absence of a central megamachine like Wilder. I wonder if anyone has thought of drafting a series based on the power politics of a big union? Though I suppose

Clive Jenkins is stranger than fiction. Anyway, they wouldn't dare.

Sheila Hancock is so appealing that a lot of people will give the benefit of the doubt to New Take My Wife, a surprising development of a Comedy Playhouse try-on which presumably pleased Paul Fox more than it pleased his critics. I thought it began quite hilariously, but tailed off into rather pathetic forced farce, like so many family comedies. Even For the Love of Ada shows some signs of strain; not in the comic invention, exactly, but in the uncertainty one detects over mood, the wobbly hid it makes, every now and then, for a sentimental success that is not quite in key. (But Irene Handl's performance is something unique.) And Father, Dear Father comes roaring back remorselessly, stuffed to the crest with super farcure and desperate contrivances.

I've left unmentioned a number of "new" or revived items, not all unwelcome, by any means, but all lending support to the notion that while television occasionally pulls off the big one, in general it is sadly deficient in ideas; plodding along in a rut and trying to disguise its poverty by frantic salesmanship. All quite natural. We ask too much.

Current drama is quite depressing—I can't make head or tail of BBC's mysterious Trial series—but I want to get in a word for Miss Noel Robinson's literary play Concussion (ATV). Circumscribed in its appeal, yes, but beautifully written, full of insights. She is one of the most distinguished writers still working in the medium; and she received a simply brilliant performance from Annette Crosbie.

Getz galore

DEREK JEWELL

FOR Stan Getz to be at Rod Scott's Club again is no hard sell. He has kept together a marvellous European quartet with them he makes music comparable in quality and interest to that from any of his periods since the earliest days with Woody Herman.

As Getz matures he has acquired, above all, warmth, saxophonist alive is so capable moving an audience to sleep when he plays a lullaby, treats such themes, indeed, as they were very fragile precursors, playing the melody straight, brushing each note with his gentle slightly hoarse to He has a harking too, for slightly off-track number, "Tonight I Shall Sleep," composed forty years ago by Dixie Lillington.

Getz is beautiful, but more, performance is also charged with excitement. He bounds through fast numbers, spilling cascades of shining surprises, notes, with his splendid rhythm section uplifting him like a sea of spiky trampolines, especially Rene Thomas on guitar, who is a Django-like flamenco to and in his subtle, achingly low solo called "Invitation" to Getz as a genius of the art understatement. The content of any guitar heroes of rock—their way—ought sometime learn a little of that art.

Which leads us, not unreasonably, to this year's Pop Poll the "Melody Maker," a prestigious of the popular music weeklies. Its results under the generally wise selection of taste among the dedicated rock hard core, since music ship (if not always artistic ram) is now more or less obligatory runners. Observe, too, the pointers.

First, the gap between market Radio One taste and the of the rock insiders. John Peel, for instance, is voted top DJ; jockey, Tony Blackburn falls make the top ten.

Second, the death of the idols. Emerson, Lake and Palm are the top British group, leaving The Who and the Rolling Stones trailing. George Harrison's "Sweet Lord" is (to save it Beatles' day) the top single, a McCartney's "Ram" LP featuring John Lennon has entire vanishing.

Third, the influence of a "vogue" for certain groups, created by suddenly successful albums or pop festival appearances. This, I suspect, is reason for ELP's triumph as similarly, for Rod Stewart's appearance as top British singer. Neither, I believe, will reflect their position in 1972 and different reasons—Crosby, Stills Nash and Young will out as he voted the leading national group. They are, of course, magnificent, but as so as they become the loved of a wider public will (I'll Simon and Garfunkel, and Phil Spector and Tears) be rejected the jealously iconoclastic group of rock music.

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Continued from page 34

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Capital Mr Marks

THEATRE □ J W LAMBERT

LIVE in a frightened and not for the first time in human history. Projects of the mind are having a field-day, and no wonder. Luckily the comic spirit expands the same time; merciful diversion offers a safety-valve and a sense of perspective to our antics. Last week two farces of two months' gestation, the London Farce, the obverse of tragedy, puts

resolves or our ostensible butters in ultimate situations, heightening the pallidly possible to the point of chanting frenzy. Michael Pertwee's 'n't Just Lie There, Say Something' (arrick) is a clumsy vehicle; but its asmode story of a Cabinet Minister who private life by no means buttresses a job (curbing the permissive society), runs to inspire some lively traditional rns, and one performance of transcendent splendour.

Fused now into a zany power which most topples over into a Wedekind-style steria, Alfred Marks' talents—I am mpted to say genius—make his Sir uliam Mainwaring-Brown, MP, a separate and definitive portrait of a man drenched upon the rack between public rality and private exuberance.

Tall, bulky, bald though fashionably justached, resonant, menacing and merial, he extrudes an alarming smile and munder of a currently very senior politician is of course purely accidental), ying out the trappings of amorous venture, he falls into a jauntily sexy nk confronted by a new conquest he is raised goldfish; pretending to be one his wife from a railway station, he barks upon an astounding cadenza of echanical clatter and station announce-

We should be grateful to Brian Rix r celebrating his twenty-one years in farce offering us this towering delight, hnting—not for the first time—taking second re as a put-upon junior MP, though me an Australian actor as he tries to legs while dressed only in a punctured lw-case.

The bully and the bullied, staple fare of farce as of the human condition, are also in full play at the Prince of Wales, where Big Bad Mouse is back in town. Here of course the play and its tale of office life of boss bewildered and clerk turned Casanova, is hardly even a vehicle, mere excuse for the stertorous outrage of Jimmy Edwards and the gangling resilience of Eric Sykes—a doubly dislocation of reality, the extravaganza of the pint itself extended by the freewheeling improvisation and bit-orous impromptu of these accomplished and liberating clowns.

AFTER the explosive euphoria of farce, the constructive usefulness of comedy, Down at the Greenwich Theatre, Michael Frayn's *The Sandboy* strikes a chirpy blow for common sense. Evelyn Waugh, invited by this newspaper to choose one of the seven deadly sins, and write about it, selected acedia, which he defined as "the refusal of joy." Mr Frayn holds up the same dismal self-indulgence to ridicule by showing us a truly lucky and successful young architect-planner who cannot really feel it wrong to enjoy the enjoyable things in his life, though infected enough by puritan intellectual climate to feel guilty about doing so. "Some people have a sex problem," cries his hero, "I have a smugness problem."

As prizes and commissions tumble into his lap he worries away—"The meaning and purpose of life is to make life more meaningful." "I was happier when I was a soapy." Mr Frayn has taken the precaution of making him a bit of a fool, baffled by his enigmatic wife (a muted, not to say inaudible, Eleanore Brun), a simple-minded admirer of the natural man as represented by a visiting plumber (Anthony Sagar, muscular, coarse-grained and uninhibited), and eventually brought to open rebellion by

the rails on his sympathy made by his neighbours, whose unflinching flow of misfortune enables them to prey upon his sympathy with a relentless alternation of tears and wistful scorn (which Avril Elgar and Patrick Allen project with relish and accuracy).

Joe Mello builds a splendid comic performance, splay-footed, eager-beaver, gleeful, apprehensive, from this bumbling jargon-ridden *humour* *mogon* *sensuel*; and with it supports the little play, which even in its brief two hours is badly overextended. It is full of excellent and pointed jokes as a pomegranate of pipe, but they are all variations on one theme; and Robert Cheelwyn's direction cannot quite hold together the exhausting impersonal of the action, or convince us that the extra jokes, pretending that it passes for the making of a television programme in our hero's home is remotely worth its repetitive while.

All but 300 years after its first performance George Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (Aldwych) is given by the Royal Shakespeare Company a production which provides a stimulating after-sweet evening, though lacking that last degree of confidence in the play which would make it an outstanding experience. Etherege, though entirely of the Court, was a notably naturalistic dramatist within the variety of texture aimed at by the earlier Restoration dramatists. But Timothy O'Brien's steel-framed surrealist set and his and Tazewell's timelessness but King's Road-orientated costumes remove the play to that farland in which Lamb preferred to sterilise these self-consuming libertines of both sexes.

Terry Hands' direction, too, keeps over-laying the spare comic texture of the play with buffoonery and burlesque which soft things up and distort the line of the argu-

ment. Particular victims of this treatment are Vivien Merchant's Mrs Lovel, whose possessive rage and true infatuation are enmeshed into revue-sketch terms, and John Wood's Sir Pimpling Flutter, first-rate when allowed to be natural in his absurd fashion, but traumatically over-dressed even in terms of his own obsession, and required to swan about most unfunfully.

Yet there is much to enjoy (including John Dankworth's insinuating music). Alan Howard, after the initial handicap of a quite unnecessary nude bath, points up the rakish hero's charm and spite. Helen Mirren, his pretty affinity up from the hated country, will clearly beat him at his own game; together they subtly lead the play to its famous open-ended conclusion; their marriage is as far removed from a conventional happy ending as it will could be, an unresolved chord at which Etherege seems to step back from his creation, turn to the audience and wave the curtain down with an amused, foreboding shrug.

MUCH of the Mermaid's *Othello* offers a clear-spoken, homely, sumptuous sparse performance. Keith Washington's Rodrigo effectively eschewed any touch of the childless wonder, Richard Ouden's Cassio was credibly both able and weak. Anthony Brown's Brabantio impressive in spite of having to potter about Venice in his nightgown—even as Jasmina Hilton's Bianca carried her swelling port throughout in the working rig of an Oueli Nait. Bruce Purchase's half-naked Othello gave us a strong and simple Moor until inept production got the better of him; Sarah Stephenson's Desdemona had the right touch of ex-deb bravado.

Sir Bernard Miles, however, selectively played Iago as unrelentingly sour, tipping the production steadily into comic melodrama—a decline accelerated by the much-publicised but otherwise unimportant nudity of Desdemona in her deathbed. A naked and naturalistically dead body takes on, so to speak, a life of its own when heaved about. As Othello, swaying, clutched it closely between his legs, his lugubrious inquiry "What's best to do?" demanded, and on the second night received, a nihil answer.

Wisdom for sale

JOHN PETER

BOTH black militants and noisy advocates of reparations should see *As Time Goes By* by Mustafa Matura (Theatre Upstairs). Its hero is Ram (nice, breathless performance by Stefan Kalipha) an amiably ingratiating con-man from Trinidad who sets up as a swami and dispenses spiritual advice to unsuspecting fellow-immigrants. Off-stage his baby daughter bawls at inconvenient moments, and from time to time his wife appears to get on with domestic chores and pour contempt on Ram and his sham vocation.

The situation recalls the early stories of V. S. Naipaul: Mr Matura presents his characters with the same blend of irony and understanding. Indeed the first scene, which is a trifle too long, makes you wonder whether he isn't just going to have a nice time stringing folksy wisecracks together. Such worries evaporate with the arrival of Mark and Lucille, a pair of white drifters, who drop in and treat Ram to a dismal mixture of pseudo-psychology and insane small-talk and then settle down to scrounge marijuana from him.

The fine thing about Mr Matura's writing is the way his boisterous comic sense goes hand in hand with an amused tolerance. He understands both the sponger and the sponged. The point of the play, indeed, is that all its characters are both: greed and gullibility are the great levers of men whatever their colour. The message is neatly brought home in Roland Rees' laudful production: Robert Coleby and Carole Hayman play a sharp duet as the white scoundrels.

The Belgian National Theatre opened their brief season at the Old Vic with Ghelderode's *Pantagruel*: a comic grand-guignol about the lunacy of revolutions and the blinkered brutishness of those who suppress them. (The fact that Ghelderode was partly insane to write it, by the events in Germany in 1919, explains his utter contempt for both sides.) Its eponymous hero, a latter-day holy fool, is a descendant of Don Quixote, for whom Ghelderode once confessed a deep-rooted admiration; and also of Schewik with whom he shares a healthy dislike of anything violent. Georges Bossair plays him with agile, toothy candour; and our own Frank Dunlop directs with a speed and deftness which gives this pleasantly garrulous play convincing satirical force.

Which is more than you get from the second Belgian offering, *The Seventh Commandment*: "Thou shalt steal... a bit less" by the Italian playwright Dario Fo—a moral farce about corruption and conformity every bit as ponderously arch as its title suggests. It somehow elicits two performances of quite awesome devotion from Anne Maree and André Cavelier by Stanley Eveling. Mr Eveling is at the moment best over short distances, and this piece of sexual disillusionment, sharply played out between a seedy narcissist (Neil Selder) and his former mistress (Patricia Doyle) is astringently effective.

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Cardiff falls for Lulu

MUSIC □ FELIX APRAHAMIAN

RG'S Lulu in Wales? The very idea would have seemed a flight of fancy not so long ago. But last Tuesday in Cardiff we were plunged triumphantly into the lurid of Wedekind's unhappy harlot and the living music with which Berg clothes a morality.

The Welsh National Opera gave the first production, in an excellent English version by Stuart Hood and Richard Armstrong. Just as Wagner has provided Lulu with its international duet exercise, so Berg's "Lulu" offers on the WNO a visiting card which is without his momentary, with any tragic intent abroad. Clumsy, riding of one or two props apart, there style in the spectacle as well as in sound. Ralph Koltai's sparse sets—a ragier for human monsters—balanced feebly with the florid costumes by da Blackwood.

Michael Celi's gripping production sets its tempo from the score, and bases the Prologue (its consistent view of u and her entourage as caged and aged animals. With the help of Berg's u-Sulte, Mr Gellot makes an ingenious mpt at solving the problems posed by unfinished state of the opera, propped solved only by Frau Berg's eventual ase of Act Three of her husband's stierpiece. The Adagio of the Suite ompanies a mimed resumé of Lulu's by the animals within their cage after equally resourceful treatment of the "ations to trace Lulu's story to her at the hands of Jack the Ripper."

In international cast was led by Carole ley's really remarkable Lulu. In voice l action, she left little to the Imagina- Eric Garrett, a brass circus strong- and seedily decrepit Schizogel was ly versatile. John Modenes (Dr Schön), el Douglas (Alwa), Ramon Remedios (Painler), Paul Hudson (the Athlete), Janet Hughes (the Schoolboy), tins all, sang and played up to Mr lot's splendid exaggerations.

The hero of the evening was James khart, who seemed to have mastered y note and nuance of Berg's score. His ish Philharmonia may be thought in e quarters a shop-window for engaging adon players, but in "Lulu" he has deit them into a seasoned ensemble.

In Switzerland last week-end, two better-known British orchestras were honoured internationally by the coveted Prix Mondial du Disque de Montreux. Ten jurors representing eight different countries voted the three best records of the year to be Boulez's *Pelléas*, Ansermet's *Kirchbalm*, and Horowitz's *Kreisleriana*. The orchestras were Covent Garden and the New Philharmonia. By the way, I must apologise for taxing the guiltless LPO, last week, with an unconvincing performance at the Proms for which the BBC Symphony were responsible.

Despite his rubati and evident knowledge of the notes, Denis Vaughan made Wedekind's *Rigoletto* at the Coliseum seem to last longer than even the clock showed. Raymond Myers remains a convincing jester and Donald Pilley an obstinately undual Duke. Mary O'Brien, if not the Ideal Gilda, has a voice to be watched. Robert Lloyd's Sparafucile and Clifford Kitching's Monterone were well-drawn newcomers.

The modest dimensions and enchanting atmosphere of Abingdon's Unicorn Theatre enhanced its Opera Group's performance of Handel's "rustic opera." The Faithful Shepherd in an English version by Alan Kitching, who also produced. The music was realised with great style by a youthful cast of six and a dozen equally talented players under Nicholas Kraemer. His shapely handling of the score and ability to co-ordinate his forces—an orchestra above, not below, the stage, and singers to whom he was invisible—suggested gifts out of the ordinary.

On Friday night, Covent Garden's first seasonal Siefried under Edward Downes rose to a fine final Act. Helge Brilloth, vocally poetic rather than a singer, with less volume than the traditional Felder, was a fair match for Amy Spaur's bright, malutinal Brünnhilde, if out-weighted earlier by Donald McIntyre's Wanderer. John Oobson continues as a finely clear-bellied and Marius Rinzler as a rather noble-voiced Alberich. In timbre and tessitura, Teresa Cahill is that rara avis, Wagner's Woodbird, but shares with most of the species too distant a song, comprehensible only to heroes and gibberish to lesser mortals.



Zof Roman

THE crafty photographs of that experienced artist Zof Roman (the reverse of arty-crafty, however) may have been the starting-point for *Frederick Ashton*, a Choreographer and his Ballets" (Harrap, £4.50) and they form an incomparable record of Frederick the Great's achievement over the years; but under the spur of her collaborator John Selwyn Gilbert the book turned into something more than a pictorial

record. The collected utterances of Ashton's friends, colleagues and interpreters are of such interest and so enlightening, that they amount to a totally unexpected essay in biography. While Ashton's own contribution, in the form of tape-recorded reminiscences, are so frank, racy and revealing of his early struggles and creative impetus that they must constitute the gold-ore for future biographical prospectors.

Stunning Shostakovich

LIVERPOOL □ PHILIP RADCLIFFE

THE Royal Liverpool Philharmonic orchestra opened their new season last week with the first performance in Western Europe of the 13th Symphony of Shostakovich. Andre Previn and the LSO will present it to London concert-goers this week. The words that stirred Shostakovich to a stunning score came from the poet Yevushenko. They defied the authorities by recalling the Soviet reign of terror. In timbre and tessitura, Teresa Cahill is that rara avis, Wagner's Woodbird, but shares with most of the species too distant a song, comprehensible only to heroes and gibberish to lesser mortals.

Shostakovich describes five poems, alternately heart-rending and hopeful, the last three running on. It is a thoughtful and evocative work, faithful to the words even to providing sound

effects, but leaving room to create its own impact. From the brooding opening, with its discords and tolling bells, there is a build-up through straining strings to a nerve-racking atonality. It softens and yields to the grotesque jollity of the crowd at Babi Yar. "Kill the Yids—save our Russia." Again later, the lyrical innocence illustrating a reference to Ann Frank's followed by militaristic instrumentation with shattering effect. It is not quite all gloom. A melodic pizzicato interlude for instance prepares us for the proclamation of artistic immortality.

Charles Groves, who engineered the coup, drove his orchestra with the sort of uninhibited certainty and finesse that comes from devoted preparation. In John Shirley-Quirk he found a soloist able to cope with the Russian text and in fine voice.

Paths of glory

DANCE
RICHARD BUCKLE

NO TWO COMPANIES could be more different than Festival Ballet, packing them in for well-tried favourites in the Festi-val Hall, and Ballet Rambert pursuing its experimental path for quite another kind of audience at the tiny Jeannette Cochrane. We cannot but admire them both.

Monday night was a sell-out on the South Bank for a bill comprising three Fokine ballets from the earliest years of Diaghilev and a *pas de deux* from even further back, Samsova, made a winsome ballerina. Doll in "Petushka." Prokofiev in the title-role was much improved, though I think he must always seem too big. There was some fine dancing in "Les Sylphides."

In "Scheherazade" Lillana Costi brought imperial elegance to the role of Zobeide, and Dudley von Loggenburg was the flashing, sinuous Slave.

What a contrast was Rambert's opening programme on Thursday! Jonathan Taylor's 16th-century romp "Tis Goodly Sport" seems to have gained extra dimensions of subtlety and comedy, with Paul Taras in drag, Lucy Burge new to the role of the bawdy apparition in a nightgown, and Joseph Scoglio very impressive in a moody solo. John Chesworth's Pink Floyd ballet, "Pawn to King 5" remains murky and obscure.

Any new work by Glen Tetley demands our respect. "Rag-Dances," to compelling music by Anthony Hymas for piano and violin, is weird with some striking moments. Against Nadine Baylis' set of ragged drapes, which suggests some subterranean madhouse, a couple in pastel-coloured evening dress whirl and waltz, other dancers in frayed jeans come and go, and Jonathan Taylor, jangling chains at his waist, rattles the maraca concealed in a single Amazonian breast and falls to ascend a hanging ladder. Are we in purgatory?

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Cancellation of Timon of Athens at the ROYAL SHAKESPEARE THEATRE

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Because of the cancellation of the RSC's scheduled production of TIMON OF ATHENS at Stratford-upon-Avon, there are changes in the repertoire from 21 September to 11 December. The following productions will now replace the advertised performances of *Timon*:

MERCHANT OF VENICE
on Sep 23, 24, Oct 6, 16 (mat), 29

MUCH ABOUT NOTHING
on Sep 25 (mat), Oct 2, 22, Nov 4

OTHELLO
on Sep 21, 22, 27, 28 Oct 15, 21 Nov 6 Dec 4, 10

RICHARD II
on Oct 9 (mat), Nov 10, 24, 30

HENRY V
on Oct 27 Nov 19, 26

Patrons who have booked for *Timon of Athens*, and who do NOT wish to see the substituted play, are asked to return their tickets to the Box Office and claim a refund without delay. All unused tickets will be refunded by the Box Office. The refund is subject to the usual conditions of the RSC. Patrons who wish to see the substituted play should claim a refund from the Box Office.

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opens tomorrow

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The Merchant of Venice

William Shakespeare

Frank Barrie
Anna Carter
Paul Curran
John Dineen
Charles Kay
Harry Lomax
Anthony Nicholls
Ronald Pickup
Laurence Olivier
Joan Plowright
Louise Purnell
Malcolm Reid

Production
Jonathan Miller
Scenery & Costumes
Julia Travelyan Oman
Lighting
Robert Ormby
Music
Carl Davis

October
20, 21 (m), 21, 22,
23 (m), 23, 25

November
3, 4 (m), 4, 5, 6 (m),
6, 8

A performance of stunning magnitude

Sunday Telegraph

The Captain of Köpenick

Carl Zuckmayer

Paul Scofield as Voigt
and
Jim Dale
Bill Fraser
Bernard Gallagher
Mary Griffiths
James Hayes
Hazel Hughes
Gerald James
Richard Kay
Gabielle Laye
Harry Lomax
Kenneth Mackintosh
John Moffat
Anthony Nicholls
Denis Quilley
Malcolm Reid
Maggie Riley
David Ryall
Brian Tully
Michael Turner
Jeanne Watts
Jane Wenham
Benjamin Whitrow

Production
Frank Dunlop
Designed by
Karl von Appan
and Manfred Grund
Music
Michael Lankester
Lighting
John B Read
September
28, 29, 30 (m), 30

October
1, 2 (m), 2, 4, 26, 27,
28 (m), 28, 29,
30 (m), 30

November
1, 2, 23, 24, 25 (m),
25, 26, 27 (m), 27

Paul Scofield... a tremendous comic performance

Daily Mail

A Woman Killed With Kindness

Thomas Haywood

Gillian Barge
Michael Tudor Barnes
Frank Barrie
Paul Cunan
Anthony Hopkins
Ronald Pickup
Joan Plowright
Louise Purnell
Benjamin Whitrow

Production
John Dexter
Scenery & Costumes
Jocelyn Harbart
Lighting
Andy Phillips
Music
Marc Wilkinson
Dances
Malcolm Goddard

October
12, 13, 14 (m), 14,
15, 16 (m), 16, 18

November
17, 18 (m), 18, 19,
20 (m), 20

Anthony Hopkins... a thrilling performance

The Times

Joan Plowright... perhaps her most moving performance

Daily Telegraph

The National Health

Patsy Nicholls

Gillian Barge
Anna Carter
John Dale
Bill Fraser
Bernard Gallagher
Mary Griffiths
Gerald James
Charles Kay
Oavid Kincaid
Gabielle Laye
Harry Lomax
Kenneth Mackintosh
Maggie Riley
David Ryall

Production
Michael Blakemore
Scenery & Costumes
Patrick Robertson
Lighting
Robert Bryan
Music
Marc Wilkinson

October
6, 7 (m), 7, 8, 9 (m),
9

November
9, 10, 11, 12, 13,
15, 16

Patterningly comic and intelligent...

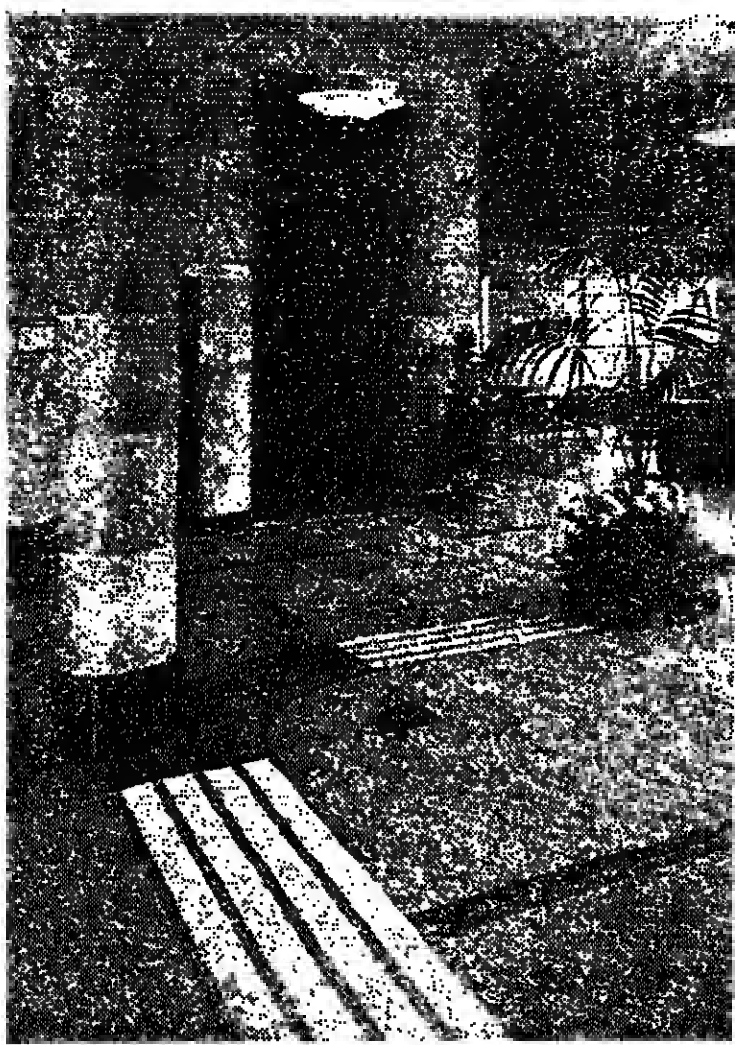
stunning production

Striking funny... enough to make you dia

laughing

Observer

Sun



The international style of Art Deco linked even the burghers of Bradford who visited the Ritz Cinema, left, and those of Paris, who saw Rojan-Skyl's Jenny Holzer, above; two of the curiously chosen illustrations in Bevis Hillier's book-catalogue mentioned here.

Concepts and conveyor belts

ART IN AMERICA □ JOHN RUSSELL

HOME THOUGHTS from abroad, this week: and in particular from Los Angeles. "Art & Technology" at the County Museum, Minneapolis ("Art Deco" at the Institute of Arts), and Washington, where the National Gallery has lately appointed an Englishman, Christopher White to the new post of Curator of Prints.

Occasio, the half-bald goddess of Opportunity, is one of the more daunting among mythological figures, and not everyone answers her knock. When Maurice Tuchman was planning the Art & Technology show he approached over 250 corporations in the Los Angeles area with the idea that they should let an artist loose among their resources and see what came of it. Six out of seven said No; and among the creative people on Mr Tuchman's preliminary list a great many dropped out early in the mating-process.

Dubuffet and Vasarely in Paris, Caro, King and Paolozzi in London, Karlheinz Stockhausen in Cologne were European examples of this; we learn, too, from Mr Tuchman's notably candid catalogue that among Americans Robert Morris "could never find a true line of communication with anyone" in the firm that agreed to take him on, while Jasper Johns told the organiser that "the content of his art was about the movement of a hand from one point in space to another nearby, and that to him the possibility of moving in a social situation to make art was unthinkable."

But if some of the projects put forward were beyond even Californian possibilities—George Brecht wanted, for instance, to relocate the land-mass of the British Isles in the Mediterranean Sea—there were enough very good artists, and enough interested firms, and enough per-

severance on all sides, to produce a show on the grand scale that was consistently stimulating to look at. And it may have even suggested to some of the corporations concerned that "the goal-priorities of the corporate job-structure run counter to the nature of technical endeavour, which is play and participation. Bureaucracy is bad, in other words."

However, bureaucracy did not stifle Roy Lichtenstein in his involvement with the movie industry, or Oyvind Fahlstrom in his happy encounter with Heath's, the signmakers; and when Robert Whitman was in trouble with the pulsating mylar mirrors which caused the ghosts of a brick, a pear and an inhabited goldfish bowl to hang in the air above our heads he did not despair of society but secured the willing support of a hundred volunteers from the Laguna Beach Unitarian Church Fellowship.

A room of special interest to English visitors was the one produced by R. B. Kitaj in collaboration with Lockhead's. Thoughts of the RB 211 had been cast aside, quite clearly, as Kitaj darted back into the history of the early industrial era and used Samuel Smiles' "Lives of the Engineers" as a source of archetypal experience. Scrutiny of a board of custom-built or prototypical machines, parts suggested by Kitaj that many of them could be set up and photographed in such a way as to constitute a critique of minimal and formalist sculpture: the results were then garlanded with titles that revealed Kitaj all over again as a master of abbreviated polemic.

Any reader of Bevis Hillier on Art Deco would have known several years ago that there was an enthralling show to be made on the subject. But where other museums let the idea float, Minneapolis was ahead and enough in him. More than that, they gave

him expert and unstinting support, so that the 1920s and early 30s were recreated in the "Athens of the Middle West" with an enthusiasm which carried all before it. Studio Vista have published the catalogue in book form at £4.20, and I can recommend the text as a classic of its kind. (It's very funny, too.)

Art Deco was a genuinely international style, as vividly present in cinemas like the Ritz in Bradford and the Rex in Tarascon as in the lobby of Radio City Music Hall in New York. It was also an entirely democratic. Sonia Delaunay's motor-car, custom-built to match her dress, was not more typical of Art Deco than the objects of common use from English life which abounded in Minneapolis: the early Green Lane posters, for instance, or the tea-set designed by Graham Sutherland at the age of twenty-one. It was really very curious to travel so far and come upon such things set out like the treasures of Tutankhamen.

The National Gallery in Washington is becoming more and more, the All Souls of the museum-world. To anyone who knows the easy, humane, collegiate atmosphere which prevails there, or has some idea of the resources behind it, Christopher White's acceptance of the new post will come as no surprise. But he left us a parting-present in his book on Dürer's drawings, just out from Phaidon at £3. This is essentially an anthology with comments and cross-references; it brings out, in particular, the thrift with which the great man traversed from drawings to prints and back again, never wasting an idea if a use could be found for it. Dürer the topographer comes out especially well; but then the springtime of European landscape has no images more marvellous than his.

ANATOMISTS have for years been aware that an adult man bears a striking resemblance to the fetus of an ape. The flatness of the human face, the absence of heavy brow ridges, the small size of the teeth, the distribution of body hair, and the angle of head with spine are all features similar to those found in the late fetus of the chimpanzee. When the ape grows up, these features disappear or are modified. In man they persist, and this anatomical immaturity is matched by man's enormously prolonged childhood, which makes him immature emotionally too.

In most animals, the period from birth to sexual maturity comprises something between a fifth and an eighth of the whole life-span of the animal. In man, it is nearer a quarter. This peculiarity of man is variously named "foetalisation," "neoteny," or "paedomorphosis." Its biological significance is not in doubt. Man's adaptation has not been through his strength, but through his brain. His prolonged immaturity gives him the opportunity for learning and the transmission of culture.

It has usually been assumed, possibly arrogantly, that this type of development has been a "good thing," since culture, science, and all the special achievements of man are dependent upon it. But in Man Child, Dr Jonas and his wife suggest that the process of infantilisation has gone too far: so much so, that they question whether man is likely to maintain his pre-eminence as a species. The overdevelopment of intellect at the expense of instinct has ensured that man behaves "childishly" in all manner of ways, sexually, politically, and morally.

No animal wantonly exposes itself to danger. But men are so childish that they feel compelled to take on adventures, their courage in all kinds of ways, from climbing Everest to sailing single-handed round the world.

MAN-CHILD by David Jonas and Doris Klein/Cape £2.95

ANTHONY STORR

According to Jonas and Klein, the truly mature adult should feel no such compulsion.

In political matters, they detect a sinister trend in the surrender of leaders to youth. "In France, a powerful and seemingly stable regime was displaced in the course of pacifying student rebellions." Moreover, there is a notable increase in childishness in that modern communities expect governments not only to organise defence and security, but also to provide medical care, feeding and housing, and support for the indigent "regardless of their own efforts (or lack of them)."

In sex, Jonas and Klein equally deplore the modern tendency to minimise the differentiation between the sexes; believing that it is childish not to be domesticated on the one hand, and ruggedly masculine on the other. "This sector of our latest generation does not look upon sex as a means of proving its masculinity or femininity. In fact, sex has lost its central position in life. One might equally argue that an insistence on proving masculinity or femininity is itself childish, and comparable to the proving of physical courage by exposure to danger which the book condemns."

Being dismissing Dr Jonas and his wife as Fascist beasts, we should ponder their thesis seriously. In biological terms, although man is both supreme and also more complicated and interesting than other animals, it is arguable that he is less well adapted to his environment. Animals are much better than man at regulating the size of their own populations. They do not habitually destroy other members of their own species. They are

less dependent on leadership; and they do not pollute their own environment.

A Martian biologist might well conclude that the "infantilisation" of man, originally a device of Nature by which he achieved the mastery of the earth, had gone too far. He would probably predict that it was not unlikely that man would destroy himself, and that he would be replaced by a species which might be less clever, but which would be more resilient upon, and in touch with, instinctive patterns. The authors of this provocative book would agree with him.

In some ways they overstate their case. In their exposition of "regressive evolution" they are not content to accept that conventional natural selection is enough to account for man's peculiar adaptation. They believe that virus diseases cause mutations which have the effect of retarding man's emotional and anatomical development through the action of hormones. In this manner, they are able to explain what seems to them an ever-increasing rate of infantilisation of the human species. This seems to me highly speculative. We do not know enough about either viruses or hormones to be sure how such a process could take place; and the fact that a few virus diseases do indeed have disastrous effects upon the brain is a slender foundation upon which to build a mass of speculation.

But this is a comparatively minor criticism. Dr Jonas and his wife deserve to have their thesis taken seriously. Man's persistent immaturity does have its evil side as well as its positive function; and they do well to draw our attention to it.

...or are we condemned?

JACQUES SOUSTELLE, one-time governor of French Algeria and an authority on the Aztecs, here turns his hand to ethnography and anthropology. Ethnographer, he describes the way of life of several groups of modern Mexican Indians; ethnologist, he joins the ranks of thinkers like Spengler, Marx, Toynbee and Teilhard de Chardin who use evidence from exotic cultures to shed light on our own.

He declines the title of "social anthropologist" assumed by structuralists such as Lévi-Strauss. The Four Suns does not begin: "The six exogenous participants of the fifty-five Maya-speaking Lacandon on a r e segmented into..." His narrative opens in true ethnographic style:

We were on the swampy shore of a lake, in the shadow of one of the densest forests of the world. My companion was Adèle von Simson, an experienced brush explorer, Pomeranian by birth, but Chicapeque by adoption. Four future little.

Against all the rules of modern anthropology, Soustelle allows himself, his friends and his informants to be overwhelmingly present in his descriptions of Lacandon rituals and social life. Not that he neglects classic themes—incest and exogamy, dual organisation, the debate about primitive and culture—but his frankly subjective approach and his straightforward style (what critics could call his "naivety") make his material more compelling and much less obscure than the deceptively objective analyses of his more scientific colleagues.

Exploring the vast, tangled borderlands of Mexico and Guatemala, Soustelle was obviously deeply impressed by the contrast between the wretched world of the two hundred or so Lacandon Indians and seventeenth-century Maya civilisation with its prosperous lands, dotted with white cities, pyramids and open fields of lush corn. He maintains that these modern Indians are direct descendants of the ancient Maya since they speak the same language, worship the same gods, and closely resemble some of the portraits on Maya monuments. How did the Indians descend to this "decadent" condition? What makes civilisation rise and fall?

To tackle this problem Soustelle first of all divides societies into those with or without civilisation. Although rashly insisting on a distinction between societies with culture and those without civilisation (although the two are not necessarily synonymous), he suggests no criteria for us to judge the civilised condition. Contrary to a mass of evidence,

THE FOUR SUNS by Jacques Soustelle, translated from the French by E. Ross/Andre Deutsch £2.75

ROBERT BRAIN



Jacques Soustelle, seen recently on Late Night Line Up discussing the French Occupation

for example, the whole of Africa south of the Sahara is denied even the rudiments of civilisation. Soustelle is considered, but vague, opinion is that civilisations grow mysteriously and are maintained by a process of constant adaptation in a state of perpetual imbalance which provides the driving force of their evolution. Decay may be either due to mysterious internal causes or the result of an historical accident—the arrival of the Spaniards in the case of the Aztecs.

Maya civilisation just died, according to Soustelle. The people grew apathetic, indifferent to the exquisite charm of their priest-kings, bored with the aristocracy's obsession with the intricacies of astronomy and mathematics. The common people, by eluding their lack-lustre masters, brought about the decay of this civilisation by slipping quietly out of its orbit civilisation with its prosperous lands, dotted with white cities, pyramids and open fields of lush corn.

The obvious parallels with our own society are depressingly drawn. Soustelle is really suggesting—although not in so many words—that one day a few hundred of us will be observed by a foreign scientist as we hunt for giant rats in the jungles of Borneo, jabbering before a Christian-type shrine in a language surprisingly like that spoken by members of the great British empire which "died" in the nineteenth or twentieth century. Like Maya civilisation, 1,300 years ago, Western culture is experiencing an internal decay and we are all haunted by horrifying fears of disintegration.

Is this true? Have we really lost

our confidence in the supremacy of our way of life, a confidence shared by all flourishing cultures, Pygmy, Greek or Victorian? For many people the attractive pull of Western culture does seem to be weakening. Many are withdrawing from a positive participation in social life and its responsibilities; some prefer to live in an alien culture in order to avoid "crippling taxation," "conspiration," or even "our appalling weather." They have moved to the outskirts of our culture, opting out in the same way as the seventh-century Maya Indians.

Soustelle, feeling some remorse at the dreadful pessimism of his ethnological conclusions, suggests a remedy for our galloping decadence. Anthropologists, he says, should be called in to act as society's midwives; they can relieve civilisation's suffering, prolong its life, shore up wilting moral and social structures, postpone its inevitable senility. To this reviewer—an out-of-work anthropologist, eking out a subsistence on a bare Mediterranean hillside—such a postscript offers but a faint glimmer of hope.

The road to terror

WHEN I asked Kerensky, who became head of the Provisional Government which deposed the Tsar in February 1917, and gave Russia its only nine democratic months in history, what his biggest mistake had been he was unhesitating. His unwillingness to arrest and shoot Lenin whose whereabouts were always known to the authorities even during the period of his escape and hiding after July, 1917, so dramatised by Bolshevik mythology.

Kerensky wanted to beat the Bolsheviks democratically by popular vote and not by the arbitrary methods of armed force. He realised the Bolsheviks would be soundly defeated in the coming elections for the Constituent Assembly. So did Lenin. Feeling that the minority popular support for the Bolsheviks was declining, Lenin forced his fellow conspirators to screw themselves up to the October coup d'état before it was too late.

It is impossible to maintain a revolutionary situation at will until such moment as the party is ready to make use of it (wrote Trotsky in his newly re-issued and lively "Notes Towards a Biography of Lenin"). Even not so long ago some people argued: if we had not seized power in October we would have seized it two or three months later. This is a profound mistake. Had we not seized power in October we would not have seized it at all. The bourgeoisie would have used it for concluding the peace (with Germany). The whole relation of forces would have been radically changed and the proletarian upheaval would have been postponed indefinitely. Lenin understood and sensed and felt this, hence his anxiety and fear, his distrust and his frantic pressure which saved the Revolution.

The subsequent elections for the Constituent Assembly, despite the reclamation of the overthrow of the Provisional Government, gave the Bolsheviks only nine million votes out of 254 million. Trotsky comments contemptuously on the arrival of the victors to take their seats.

They brought candles with them just in case the Bolsheviks cut off the electricity supply, and a large reserve of food. But in the end the Bolsheviks were deprived of their food. That was how democracy marched into battle against dictatorship—just armed with candles and sandwiches. The Constituent Assembly was extinguished by Bolshevik arms, which, in Lenin's words, "openly and finally put an end to formal democracy."

But for Kerensky's blunder in allowing Lenin freedom to revitalise his flagging supporters there would have been no devastating civil war in which Russia lost nearly all her men of ability and education. Industrial progress, which had been gathering speed before the war, would have continued unimpeded by Communist mismanagement and the Russian consumer would by now be on a par with the Southern Italian.

Russia might well have been a civilised liberal democracy. There would have been no forced occupation of the European countries on Russia's borders. And certainly there would have been no need for the horrible Stalin who became essential to Communist Russia's survival after Lenin's early death at 53 in 1924.

In his enthralling and splendidly researched book Mr Montgomery Hyde has written all that the general reader needs to know about the man Peter the Great. Hyde put his son to death by prolonged and hideous torture after promising him safety and

ON LENIN: Notes Towards a Biography by Leon Trotsky Harrap £1.75

STALIN by H Montgomery Hyde Hart-Davis £3.95 pp 679

WOODROW WYATT



Stalin in 1941

freedom if he would return to Russia. Stalin imprisoned his widow's relations and others connected with his family but never his own children. Otherwise Peter the Great appears mild and tolerant by comparison.

Stalin tortured and murdered old comrades, even those who kept him his job as general secretary by urging that Lenin's last recommendation that Stalin was not fit for it should be set aside. Mr Hyde arrays impressive evidence that Stalin was the most severely punished, although often arrested, from 1902 onwards because, when it suited him, he worked with the Okhrana (the Tsarist security police). Doubtless Stalin would justify this duplicity and his later mass and individual treacheries and cruelties on the fenshish, but correct grounds that without his survival and methodic Bolshevism would have collapsed.

Committees, criticisms, debates and theories of the Bolsheviks, the old guard Bolsheviks confused and diminished the working strength of the ordinary Russians. Stalin aimed to drag down. So the old Bolsheviks had to go. It was a work at first. As late as 1929 Stalin could dare to deport Trotsky but not to try him. But as the purges got under way the monolithic dictatorship gathered clumsy momentum until Lenin's widow Krupskaya exclaimed: "If Lenin were alive now he would probably be in one of Stalin's jails."

By terror Stalin forced Russian heavy industry, compelled to operate within an inefficient doctrinaire framework, into a position where it could produce just enough to withstand Hitler's troops. Stalin's pact with the Nazis was characteristic of his lifelong care in providing fall-back positions for himself. Association with the Okhrana, the preparation from a safe distance of riots and violence by others, disappearance during the October coup d'état which he considered a dubious undertaking.

Usually cautious, disloyal, dishonourable and deceitful men are cowardly unless they are absolute kings. Stalin had abundant courage as well as the other attributes of successful kingship. Unlike Napoleon, who left France smaller than he found it, Stalin left Russia sprawled across Western Europe, largely by taking shrewd advantage of Roosevelt's priggish gullibility. That is why Stalin, fully rehabilitated, will resume his place next to Lenin in the Mausoleum, while poor Kramskoy remains in Novodevichy cemetery near the wife Stalin drove to suicide, Peter the Great's widow and the old Russian nobility.

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Victories by consent

THE THEORY that Eisenhower was not a general but a chairman of committees has established itself as legend of our times. Like most legends it is a part only of the truth. Those who established it will find in Professor Ambrose's meticulous and immensely detailed volume much to support their thesis. It is perhaps too early to expect them to find also that the whole war in the scale of the last in general in overall command can carry out his directive except as a chairman of committees.

The thesis is embodied in a remarkable exchange with Lord Mountbatten. When Mountbatten was appointed Supreme Commander SE Asia he asked Eisenhower for notes "on the pitfalls to avoid and the line to take" and received in return an astonishingly frank document on the theory and practice of Allied command. Pointing out that "all of us are human and like to be favourably noticed," Eisenhower said an Allied Commander-in-Chief

"must more sternly than any other individual repress such notions... be ready to seek and take criticism and to decentralise. When the time comes that he himself feels that he must make a decision, he must make it in clean-cut fashion and on his own responsibility

THE SUPREME COMMANDER by Stephen E Ambrose Cassell £4 pp 732

DAVID DIVINE

and take full blame for anything that goes wrong... whether or not it results from his mistake or from an error on the part of a subordinate

Battlefield duties in his view were minimal, mixing the aims of a general with those of a politician. It is a point of view that was necessary in a war in which battles and even campaigns were overabundant by international necessities. Eisenhower operated in the light of it—and with the assistance of a sometimes earthy humanity. When he was informed that Darwin and practice of Allied command, pointing out that "all of us are human and like to be favourably noticed," Eisenhower said an Allied Commander-in-Chief

"...good assassin." Which, broadly speaking, sums up the predicament in which this book which will do much to assist the understanding of Ike as a Supreme Commander.

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Allen Drury

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GOSHAWK SQUADRON by Derek Robinson/Heinemann £1.75

JOHN WHITLEY

day the Americans bomb North Vietnam, collapses, and is rescued by his mother. Nature is dead but Peter, an apprentice owl learning clumsily and with humility, will get by. Miss McCarthy has made the chronicle of his desolation and the delicate precision of their style. Their form of novel may be "old-fashioned" but they respect that form enough to exclude all waffle, trickiness and most of the traps of sentimentality in pursuit of the truth. Here is Eleanor, the heroine of Mrs Mortimer's new novel *The Home*, watching her estranged husband run a restaurant party celebrating their daughter's wedding.

So much, as Thoreau might have said, for natural law, and Peter is still trying to reconcile old-fashioned pursuit of goodness with the circumstances of 1964 when, aged nineteen, he arrives in Paris to study. Immolately the moral problems multiply: should he buy from the PX, should he except the friendship of a Birmen American general—most infuriating of all of all if he cleans the filthy Parisian bowls he has to use. On the next visit, even the "unpleasant" criticism. This is a problem is debated in a letter home which is perhaps the high point of the book, perfectly attuned to its writer's style, funny and expressed by turns, it is a virtuoso demonstration of the philosophies of equality, liberalism, evolution and the Fifth Republic, sheer pleasure to read.

Thereafter, Peter's scene shifts to a Roman interlude invaded by a pompous and hillstrine sociologist, worrying out clichés and failing for a regular girl, who goes to banksgiving dinner determined to refuse the turkey. Eventually, a has a rather melodramatic counter with a savage swan the



Mary McCarthy: witty and tender

her own mother, the stiff-necked matriarch whose character-building has ruled her whole life.

It's another of those marvellously exact and unsparring portraits of middle-aged loneliness, rather closer to "The Pumpkin Eater" in the sense of its domestic situation—Eleanor has had a home and family and so her loss is perhaps greater than the heroine of "My Friend says It's Bullet-proof." Yet the mood of the book is for from depressing. Eleanor sees her husband and children drift away from her with a sort of grim gaiety, she is capable of joy on a trip—half farce, half idyll—to Greece with the youngest boy Philip, an English Peter Levi determined to flee the nest. Even Eleanor's ultimate plunges into the lower depths—encounters with a dreadful American gunnilingus enthusiast and a Lesbian pick-up—retain the

savage hilarity and the unwavering sense of the ridiculous that distinguishes all Miss Mortimer's heroines and makes one return to her novels again and again.

Bernice Rubens comes a lively third in this company with *Sunday Best*, a rambling nunnologue by a middle-aged teacher who finds his penchant for dressing up in his wife's clothes leading him step by step into female-ness. The rather drawn-out discussions of the psychological implications and the side-trucking into childhood stretch what is really a sharp and funny observation piece interspersed with tart homilies in the manner of William Trevor. Miss Rubens is especially good writing straight farce about a day at school and in the creation of a Baroque detective with a severe attack of fallibility.

From Thirties Germany in "The Junkers" and the English public school of Monk School, Piers Paul Read moves to contemporary, academic America in *The Professor's Daughter*; a sawn-off shagun of a satire contrasting the seminars on politics conducted by Henry Fustinger with the family—unfaithful wife, spoiled and hysterical daughter—and his pupils. Henry is liberal enough, in a wealthy, old-fashioned sense, while his old college pal Bill is a Goldwaterite Senator. Henry's students plot to kill Bill; Henry, torn between his abstract beliefs and his personal loyalties, is shot instead. Disillusioned, the students sign on the Eugene McCarthy circus. The lack of any emotional colouring more subtle than black and white, the flat, throw-away style and the rather *Grand Guignol* action fail to give any original twist to a world of clichés.

With *Goshawk Squadron* Derek Robinson joins the growing number of those obsessed with the fictionalisation of the First World War—as if the reality wasn't fantastic enough. This is the episodic account of a fighter unit on the French front in 1918, a pack of all-too-sporting fledglings bullied into competence—and usually into death—by a twenty-three-year-old veteran. The sense of period seems authentic but the characters are presented with such flatness that the quick and the dead become inextricably confused; only occasionally, as in the riotous account of a drunken pilot's celebration in a village restaurant does one get a whiff of the black farce that such a story needs.

Through the looking-glass

THE NAIVE AND SENTIMENTAL LOVER by John le Carré Hodder & Stoughton £2.25
FREDERIC RAPHAEL

NOTHING fails like success, at least in books. Aldo Cassidy, the hero of John le Carré's unusual new novel, exemplifies once again the novelist's refusal to believe that zetting everything one wants can possibly be all that anyone wants. D. H. Lawrence once observed "Business is no good" and the doleful discontents of Aldo Cassidy, Chairman and Managing Director, confirm the judgment. He has got rich, fat and nearly forty in the baby-carriage trade, he rides around in a Bentley which is the cushioned apotheosis of his line, but his dark centre is sadly unfulfilled. Planning a squirearchical retreat for himself, he goes down to inspect a country property and falls on and in love with a pair of super Bohemian squatters, who he can never quite believe are not the true heirs of the place.

Shamus and Helen are beautiful and reckless free spirits. Aldo is perfect bourgeois fodder for them and with Shamus as principal gobbler (he is The One of the two), they proceed to make a meal of him. Shamus initiates a series of cathartic bluffs and encourages Aldo to confess his hatred for his wife Sandra, "the boss-woman," and to escape from the guilt-ridden, gilt-edged prison in which he is engaged. Aldo's insecurity and money-fetishism are nicely conveyed by his Proutian tendency to overtip; Shamus rubs him this world's population is increasing by seventy million a year—an awful lot of people to keep sweet.

Helen, first seen deliciously naked, appears to be Shamus' devoted and infinitely indulgent admirer. Her husband is, after all, a genius—a "lost" novelist

whose first book is legendary—and she is his patient acolyte. Aldo worships them at first together and later singly. Meanwhile Shamus shows all the zeal so typical of their people's money. What an uninhibited boyo he is, to be sure, with his shameless kisses (though there is nothing actually queer about him) and his cries of "Love you, love!" He is boldly boozey, enchantingly profane and darkly beautiful. Aldo is a Kierkegaard contender for the title of Mr Universal Life Force.

Henry Miller and Kazantzakis used to coach aspirants to the same tune. When they are not self-righteously bourgeois-baiting, they are crowing the cocks of Attica to life at some ungodly hour, whoring like bastards or putting waiters in their places. To fall under their spell is to start with *Guilty Days* in Cliché and end with *Noisy Nights* in Cliché. Shamus and Aldo begin as David and Jonathan, but by the time they reach Paris, where the Baby Carriage Show is taking place, they have dwindled into self-confessed reincarnations of Burgess and Maclean, that joint alcoholic stain on the record of Our Betters.

On their return to the UK, a Jamesian situation develops: while Shamus wanes, Aldo grows stronger. He now dares to live his fantasies and finally makes off with a Helen seduced by the

however, Shamus's need and Aldo's conscience are too powerful. Aldo returns to his do-gooding graduate wife and the relationship Shamus has entered in his new novel "Three For The Road" fades into memory and then oblivion. Did Shamus and Helen ever really exist? Or is Shamus merely Aldo's private eye on the world, a wished for vision inevitably cataracted by affluent banality? This is one le Carré without a solution. We shall never know or, I fear, care.

The pleasures of this curious work are the incidentals. No one has a sharper eye for the sumptuous sleaziness of the easy life than Mr le Carré or knows better the nagging symptoms of surfeit. But without the purposeful scolding of a suspenseful plot, he meanders, in the words of the old solocism, like a river level to its source. He develops no flow and allows himself to spread out with-out achieving either profundity or form.

The Naive and Sentimental Lover is an interesting experiment and it is often painfully funny, but its tone is so world-weary whimsical and so cutely acute that there is something platitudinous, déjà vu, even in its originality. Paradoxically, entertainments like *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* and *A Small Town in Germany* seem more serious, more passionate and more pertinent than this highly personal and doubtless genuine *cri de coeur*.

Pugilist poet

THE TIGER AND THE ROSE by Vernon Scannell/Hamish Hamilton £2.25
STANLEY REYNOLDS

the rose/Look in my heart, kind friends, and tremble, is not a full autobiography. He ranges only from 1940, when he was an eighteen-year-old infantryman, to 1960 when he won the Heinemann Award for Literature. Within these twenty years he skips, in alternating chapters, called "Now" and "Then" from the moments of writing the book itself in his house in Dorset to his rough childhood in Nottingham, to the war in North Africa and Normandy, to pro boxing matches, and to deserting.

His desertion offers perhaps the nearest thing to a plot. Scannell, a former professional boxer, declared a private peace when the war with Germany ended. He felt even an inch more regimentation would have destroyed his poetic spirit. Oddly enough, the army court apparently thought he was a little crazy, not from shells, but because he wrote poems. He escaped military prison and was quickly discharged.

In those chapters when Scannell is at the run he gives us a good picture of the drab, immediately post-war London, all browns and greys and rather Orwellian except that Scannell has a mar-

vellous sense of humour. He and his brother, for example, go to France at one point hoping to get work picking grapes, but every day they decide to stay just one more day in Paris and finally they have no money and when they go south there are no grapes to pick because it is August. This is also, a moving chapter as well as a funny one because, without saying anything directly, Scannell is showing us what it was like to be twenty-nine and twenty-seven years old and to have missed a real youth because you were poor and then you were in the Army fighting a war.

The war recollections do not take up much space, however, and this is unfortunate because Scannell is very good here. There is a very unusual and powerful scene describing the way it was with the assault troops on the eve of Normandy which is written perhaps as Tolstoy would have done it; certainly it is not in the manner of any contemporary writer. Very little is said and nothing really happens, yet the reader feels that this is the way it must really have been.

It is a rare gift but, unfortunately, an unfashionable one at the moment. Just the same, this is such a readable book one feels sure it will bring new eyes to Scannell's Selected Poems, which is published at the same time as this autobiography by Allison & Busby (75p, hardback £1.25).

Sharp dressers

MR WOLFE and Mr Cohn are a couple of bright young literary men who are more than ready to tempt one to reach straight away for that past generation's pejorative, "smartypants."

Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers, by Tom Wolfe, a former professional boxer as well as a poet. This does not imply that he is a giant loud-mouth, nor even a junior welter-weight mouth like Mr Mailer, but that he has the gift, rare in the poet, to understand and write about the physical, indeed, one of the best critical parts of this autobiography is a study of the artistic side of boxing and the appeal it has to Mr Scannell.

Once again the new reader should be warned that Mr Scannell does not hail his fist and make faces like Hemingway and Mailer. He is a former professional boxer as well as a poet. This does not imply that he is a giant loud-mouth, nor even a junior welter-weight mouth like Mr Mailer, but that he has the gift, rare in the poet, to understand and write about the physical, indeed, one of the best critical parts of this autobiography is a study of the artistic side of boxing and the appeal it has to Mr Scannell.

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RADICAL CHIC & MAU-MAUING THE FLAK CATCHERS by Tom Wolfe/Michael Joseph £1.80
TODAY THERE ARE NO GENTLEMEN by Nik Cohn Weidenfeld & Nicolson £2.50
WILLIAM COOPER

doesn't go deep enough for the present weight of his intentions. After that, though, the goings-on at the Bernsteins' super duplex write themselves like a dream, an hilarious dream. All the disputants end up inextricably entangled in intellectual impasses; black with white, white with black, black with black. "Mau-mauing the Flak Catchers" describes by groups of "militant" Blacks in San Francisco getting together to take the muley out of second-grade "liberal" white administrators in City Hall. Underneath all there is an aching truth: on the surface a display, caught by Mr Wolfe, of human behaviour at its absurdest and funniest.

As I happen to have an interest in clothes—mainly, I admit, as a collector of a zoological interest in all there is an aching truth: on the surface a display, caught by Mr Wolfe, of human behaviour at its absurdest and funniest.

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NB September 23 when George MacDonald Fraser's superb new Flashman may be found at any decent bookshop (including WHS); it's called *Flash for Freedom!* (£1.75 or wait 18 months for the paperback) and the arch rotter is deep in darkest Africa among topless savages. If you like Jeeves, the new one comes out on October 14, published to coincide with P. G. Wodehouse's 90th birthday. Much Obligated, Jeeves (£1.60) PGW reveals, at last, his hero's first name. At the same time we're reissuing the bumper Jeeves omnibus *The World of Jeeves* (£2.00) containing no less than 34 of the best stories. A goodish Christmas present for Uncle Willie "Infinitely agreeable"—D. Tel.). Finally *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, top of the U.S. bestseller lists for 6 months (one of the few recent occasions there when a good book has ousted the customary garbage; Lord Longford please note), Dec Brown's moving history of what the Americans did to the Red Indians ("Original, remarkable and finally heartbreaking... impossible to put down"—N. Y. Times), comes on September 30. As one Indian chief said: "They made us many promises... but they never kept but one; they promised to take our land, and they took it." 500 pages of vivid history for £3.50 (Literary Guild Alternative Choice).

Write for our catalogue.
BARRIE & JENKINS
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the new
le Carré
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Catholic tastes

SHES TO ASHES by Emma Ithen/Gollancz £1.60
DMUND CRISPIN

THE COLLABORATION of two Welsh England businessmen, as Latis and Miss Hennissart—abbreviation and amalgamation of Miss Latis—has been perhaps the cleverest and most gaudy manifestation of detective fiction proper to appear in the last decade, belonging firmly to the Austen tradition, of dry wit and elegant observation touched with farce, it has also in many ways evoked, at any rate in its aspect, recollections of other notable female collaborations, that of Somerville and Ross, led to this an unusually charming detective (top banker John Thacker), a novel backdrop of Wall Street, with all that it implies, an shrewd plotting (often concerned with sinners or financial technicalities, but these so expertly handled to be never in the least tiresome or incomprehensible), and it has an *oeuvre* decorative as well as substantial—intelligent, entertaining, slightly comic, in the most impeccable old taste.

Ashes to Ashes, its twelfth instalment, has to do with murder, arising out of local opposition to an arch-diocesan decision to close down St Bernadette's school and sell the land for development; in the subsequent etc., highly entertaining developments Thacker becomes involved because his bank, the Guaranty Trust, is granting a developer a four-million-dollar irrevocable, and as in all the best detective fiction, the solution comes as a satisfying surprise which we ought nevertheless to foresee. The accomplishment is as impressive as ever, if there is a deliciously funny aside when the Sloan has to be evacuated owing to a bomb

Founding father

NEHRU: A Political Biography by Michael Edwardes/Allen Lane Penguin Press £3 pp 336
SASTHI BRATA

Perhaps this change of tone is an index of the magical fascination that Nehru in person exercised over his friends and listeners. The love that the liberal Left in Britain lavished upon Nehru was of the kind that God is said to have felt for Man: "For a creature created in His own image."

The ingredients were all there: Harrow, Cambridge, a dash of Marx, upper-class arrogance, a pale skin and the lofty rhetoric of armchair socialism, combined to make him the darling of the New Statesman and the British Labour Party. No other Indian

leader fitted the bill so admirably, and Nehru's status in the international community was always far higher than any effective power he wielded within his own party.

Mr Edwardes points out, correctly in my opinion, that the most powerful Indian politician, at the time of independence and after, was not Nehru, nor even Gandhi, but Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, India's first Deputy Prime Minister. He quotes Lord Mountbatten's letter to Attlee: "I am glad that Nehru has not been put in charge of the new States Department, which would have wrecked everything. Patel, who is essentially a realist and very sensible, is going to take it over."

For it was Patel who smoothly assimilated the 500-odd princely states into the Indian Union and it is possible that had he not died in 1950, Kashmir would not remain a malignant political sore. Mr Edwardes commands the British for being "an authoritarian government disguised by good manners." But he finds Nehru's own good manners and intentions paving the way to hell all through his political career. The partition of India, the war with Pakistan, the military conquest of Goa and the crushing humiliation at the hands of the Chinese (when a panicky Nehru begged the U.S. Government by cable to send aircraft to ward off the Chinese invaders)—a fact he concealed from his cabinet colleagues—are all attributed, directly or indirectly, to Nehru's pusillanimity, his lifelong weakness—the need for someone... to take the agony of major decisions from him.

It is a harsh verdict but not the final one. This book is essentially an exercise in the "higher journalism," it is neither an academic study nor an aggressive personal polemic. Mr Edwardes writes in a brisk, engaging style up to two-thirds of the way, then the pace slackens. A potted history of India in the final years of Nehru's rule follows. The interpretation of the Chinese debacle owes much to Neville Maxwell's "India's China War." And the conclusion fights shy of any overall evaluation.

Our September Books

Customs and Traditions of England (£2.50), is a lavishly illustrated guide by Garry Hogg, uniform with his very successful *Odd Aspects of England* (£1.75), and *Castles of England* (£2.25). Moving to a Book of Superstitions this is a new impression of a popular book by Raymond Lamont Brown published earlier in the year (£1.25). Much of our list can be classified as history of one type or another, and this month's chronology begins with Jacques Bordaz's enterprising but scholarly *Tools of the Old and New Stone Age* (£1.95) which deserves to be read by more than professional archaeologists. For historians and collectors alike we have books on money and trade tokens: C. R. Josses's *Money in Great Britain and Ireland: A History of the Coins and Notes of the British Isles* (£2.20) and J. R. Whitting's *Trade Tokens: A*

Social and Economic History (£2.75). For social historians, John Ford's *Prisefighting: The Age of Regency Boxmания* (£2.75), an incredible story colourfully but accurately told. We have just revised the French (£21), in our *How They Live and Work* series, for travellers, businessmen and schools, and we also publish a new edition of *The Great Western Railway in Dean: A History of the Railways of the Forest of Dean—Part Two* (£2.35) as well as publishing (by reproducing the author's corrected page proofs) for the first time Volume 2 of John Farley's *A Treatise on the Steam Engine, Historical, Practical and Descriptive* (£8.30), mysteriously suppressed on the author's death last century. And we've added another Jane's reprint to our last: *Jane's Fighting Ships 1944/45*, with full details of war losses (Whitting's Trade Tokens: A

DAVID & CHARLES: Newton Abbot: Devon

let's talk duvets

... "dooveys" or continental quilts, large bags filled with down, have been warming Europe for many years. While at home under three times the weight of sheets, blankets and eiderdown, we also sometimes need bedsocks. In a recent survey 90% of the poll found a duvet more comfortable, warmer yet cool enough in summer and far easier to bed make. Conventional bedmaking is hard work, children won't, husbands won't, why then should you? Unfortunately there isn't enough down in the world for everyone to save on bedmaking and what there is costs a fortune. So I.C.L. have invented a super new filling called "Terylene" P.3 which is lighter and warmer than feathers, dust free, non-allergenic, washable and cheaper!... and this is where Aeonics come in... we will wrap it in a Dorma lining and supply you a brand-new finished quilt at factory prices or pack it all up into a do-it-yourself kit that you can finish in under 1 hour. Now you can afford what before today was only a luxury of the wealthy. 16 different sizes, prices from £4.50 D.I.Y. Kits. Send stamped addressed envelope for details to Aeonics Ltd. (Dept. 5) 5 Upper Tooting Road, London SW17. Tel: 01-672 6841.

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LOOK!

edited by Allan Hall

FOR SOME years now the Milan furniture fair has been the mecca for buyers, architects and journalists. Everybody in the know has praised the Italians for their inventiveness and their ingenuity, then adding "what a pity they don't consolidate, that they're so unreliable, that they move on to the next idea before they've solved all the problems of the first."

Well, this year, this is what they've done. There is little of the old spark and zip but nor is there so much capriciousness, such wilful disregard for cost or production techniques. The great bubbling well of new ideas may now be just a burble, but there are signs that some of the firms and designers are going to concentrate on producing sound, high-quality furniture that will be available and useful to far more people. I can't help thinking that it is a good thing.

Castelli are a good instance of a firm with a sound approach, not committing themselves to ideas they know they can't deliver. Piretti, who designs exclusively for them, is a down-to-earth designer who has produced some stunningly beautiful pieces specifically geared to mass-production. He is who designed the now famous Pila folding chair that I showed on these pages last January and who has now developed an easy version, in leather or fabric, shown on the far top right.

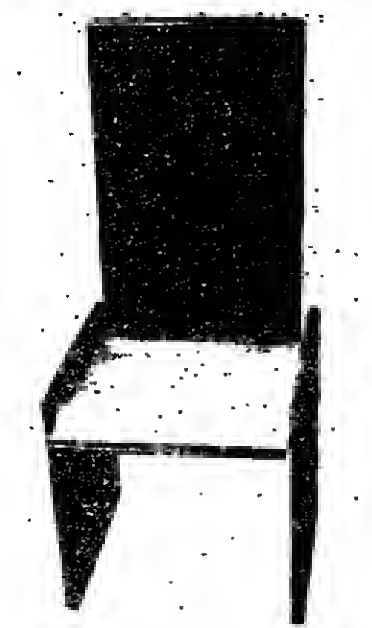
"Design for me," he said, "is not just a beautiful shape. It is the right concept, working away until the mechanism, the technique, the material and the price are all just right."

Other designers before him have had equally noble social ideas (Le Corbusier first produced his famous chaise-longue and easy chair in 1928, hoping that it would be within the reach of the ordinary man—alas, if he could see it now!) but Piretti has actually managed to achieve it. The Pila chair, after all, sells in Italy for about £7 and in England for £12. Simon International are clearly going to be an outfit to watch.

They, too, aren't concerned with the show-stopping sock-in-the-eye. Just simple furniture made as well as they know how. The stunning glass table by Carlo Scarpa is so simple I nearly missed it—but when looked at properly, the exquisite finish of the polished steel and brass base is breath-taking.

Their Kazuki chair (below) is equally deceptive—just four simple pieces, lacquer-finished with polyester paint, either black or white or Japanese red with a traditional Japanese folded blanket-like material as a cushion. The whole thing is so beautiful you want to take it home.

Even furniture that isn't much of a jolt to the eye is beautifully made and very well displayed. For instance Mario Bellini was showing a new low-slung rather Japanese looking wooden chair (not very pleasing, I thought, it had a heavy look as if its weight had dragged it down to floor



Kazuki, one of Simon International's designs, has a Japanese air of simplicity and calm. Available in a couple of months from Aron Design, 57 Kings Road, SW3.

level) but it was exquisitely made and the skill with which it was displayed was stunning. A plain white floor with a series of raised platforms and nothing else at all but that one chair; the chair frontways, backways, on its own, in groups, its component parts, a cross-section of the upholstery. By the time you left the stand there wasn't a single detail of that chair you didn't know.

But to my mind the really interesting thing about the fair was that it brought home to me the real march that Italian designers and manufacturers have over us—they have realised better than anybody else that furniture and lighting aren't just skilfully put together bits of glass or steel or plastic. They are intricately related to the way we live and can effect our life-patterns more than most people realise.

Designers today have to be more than just designers; they need to be sociologists, pioneers and artists. The Italians seem to know this and to accept the challenge gladly. Several of the stands were concerned with showing people how they could live rather than just bits of furniture they could buy.

For instance C & B Italia, in promoting its Mario Bellini Camaleonda furniture (photographed below, near right), not only display it comprehensively

but produce a beautiful leaflet (in four languages) and head it with the words "Ten Hundred Ways Of Living".

They then go on to show, in the leaflet, how it can be used. "Camaleonda," they say, "is an armchair. It's a sofa. It's many armchairs. It's many sofas. They then illustrate, beautifully and in colour, exactly how versatile the range is.

For those who really insist on a formal arrangement, Camaleonda will adapt itself, but it really comes into its own for those who want an informal, flexible way of life. For rooms that will sometimes be sitting-rooms, sometimes bedrooms, sometimes studies or playrooms or lounging areas. And to go with these "lounging-pads" they have produced a series of black foam building blocks (they

call them "scacchi" or chess-set) which you can play with, adding and building or subtracting as you like to make tables, seats or play areas.

Children's building blocks are clearly a rich source of ideas and one of the best storage systems on show was Longato's shelving based simply on the Lego system and called, just "Brick".

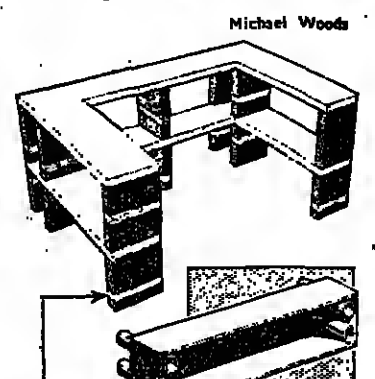
All the components are made of an anti-static plastic material and they fit together in exactly the same way as Lego bricks, giving the same degree of flexibility shelves can be as high or as shallow as you like, you can add or subtract at will. The colours are white, orange and brown so that it looks rather like a range of liquorice allsorts.

As you can see, it's more than furniture they're selling—it's

ideas and a way of life. They're trying to explain to the Italian, who on the whole go in for dauntingly formal way of life that there are other, better, ways of living today than mindlessly imitating the modes and styles of the nineteenth-century petit bourgeoisie.

And yet, nobody seems to be implying that you ought to like anything you don't.

And quite the nicest thing is that you never get the feeling the way you do at Earl's Court, that some manufacturer is going to take you in a quiet corner and tell you that, "of course, it's not what I like personally but we're just giving the public what it wants." You know jolly well that the Italian manufacturers and designers are giving the public just what they themselves want.



Brick, the shelving system based on the same idea as children's Lego. Designed for Longato, it is cheap, gay and flexible, and in white, orange and brown, but alas not available here.

WOMAN'S ROLE

● THE COLLEGE invites applications for the post of Domestic Tutor. The post is full-time, open to men and women and (unless held by a woman) combined with an Official Fellowship in the College—Wadham College, Oxford. Send application to The Sunday Times (sent to Look!) by Mrs J. B.

Orford, Newlands Park, London, S.E.26.

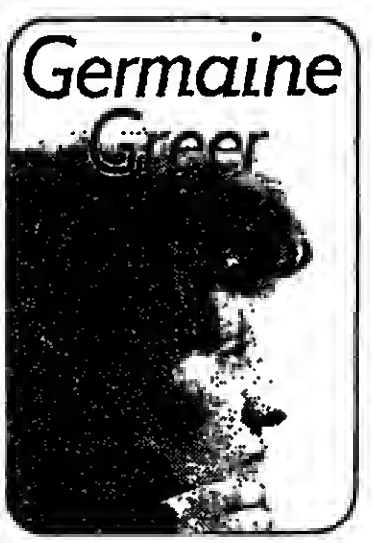
● NIGHT-OUT. Dolly bird, show, dinner, dancing, all supplied. £12 inclusive—Advertisement in the Evening Standard (Mrs C. Harrison, Castle Green, Weybridge, Surrey.)

● EVERY DAY my wife does both crosswords in The Daily Telegraph. Should she complete the "Quickie" in 25 minutes or less I give her 1p. If she takes three minutes she gets 1p. If she takes longer than three minutes she gives me 1p.

and feels very ashamed of herself. —Letter to the Telegraph (G. Sanderson, Homebush Road, St. Albans.)

● THE world's most naturally attractive women are SWEDISH. They are beautifully, deliciously, femininely female and second to none at woman's most important function—pleasing men! —Letter to Daily Mirror (sent to Look!) by both Miss K. Sanger, Harewood Avenue, Bournemouth, and Kay Crane, Heaton Norris, Stockport.)

Nothing to lose but your elastic



A woman in a boiler suit is like a hermit crab, you must wonder and fantasise about her shape. Only reality is an antidote for fantasy.

In any case, clothes do not actually influence availability. If all that stands between a male chauvinist and the accomplishment of his desires is a knicker then you've had it.

On the other hand, if you know karate, it doesn't much matter whether you are wearing pants

or not. Clothes as protection haven't worked since the knights discovered that their armour hampered them so much that they could be hacked down by the meanest foot-soldier.

Ideally, women should not be judged by their clothes any more than men. As long as women are judged easy or provocative because of their chosen mode of dress, they are being judged as heings with significance only through their relation with others. The older generation is often puzzled that women who sing off their clothes at rock concerts are not raped; they do not understand that the connection is not with provocation but with freedom.

One reason I did mumble out to the Doctor was cleanliness, you know, subway seats and all that. But a moment's reflection in the light of her smile revealed that pants are not very hygienic in themselves, or much of a protection against infection, if infection were to be so easily got, which it is not.

So, with a great sigh, I put my knickers in my bag and marched off down Third Avenue, all unbeknownst to the passers-by, breathing a new frontier in a life marked like a tree-trunk by lines of small emancipations.

And yet it was not a new feeling. Long ago in a hotter country, when I was very poor and

had few pairs of pants, I used to go knickerless. But my man would check me, when he got wise, by running a finger from hip to haunch, feeling for the ridges through my clothes. Then he would march me home, or into a store, so that I could be decently equipped for the day's enterprises.

It became a running battle between us, and I guess, if I'd thought it through I'd have realised the significance of the fact that my pants were a good deal more important to him than to me.

But we must crawl before we can walk, and later on I accumulated vast stores of pants of all colours, because unbelievably I have a tendency to mislay them. I once left 24 pairs of pants in a farmhouse in Sicily. I'll never know how the peasants received them.

The troubling thought that remains is that perhaps fewer women wear pants than I thought. When some friends of mine were working on a construction site underneath a makeshift footbridge in the city, they assured me that one in three women went without.

I can think of no more arguments for wearing pants, and a few more against. They are not becoming, especially under clinging or bias-cut skirts. They are not comfortable, because elastic never is, although we have become horribly used to it. So why do we wear them, or don't you?

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LOOK!

High fashion in the High

AN OLD FRIEND of mine had a face lift last week. Not only that, but half her inside was yanked out and replaced by another arranged in such a way that now everyone can see what's there. She is a different colour and looks terrific—I'm talking, of course, about the Wallis shop at Marble Arch.

There was a time I used to go there every day. Whilst other young mothers did as they were told and aired their offspring's round leafy parts of the park, I'd be heading through diesel fumes

down Oxford Street, towards Wallis for a look around and a try on.

Those were the days before the liberating boutiques had arrived

MOLLY PARKIN

with their classless communal changing rooms and casual way of selling.

There was no such thing as browsing or just looking. Sales ladies would be snapping at your purse strings and trying on was

a traumatic hero sell with both of you squashed in a small cubicle fighting it out together. If you were at all indecisive, low on funds or not stuck size, buying clothes could be excruciating. Except at Wallis who seemed to have a different policy. They were relaxed, there was an easiness to them. They made you welcome whether you spent or not.

At Marble Arch the girl I always got was lovely. I stuck in her literally through thick and thin, right through from my first post-pregnancy frock, size 16, to the miraculous shedding of the accumulated 4 stone eyes, it does sound a lot. I returned with her to normal and size 10. The day I got into an 8 we split a packet of Polos together.

The warmth, the lovely lunatic enthusiasm of Wallis seeps through from the top. Owner Jeffrey Wallis ("I'm the cocky one") who with his brother Harold inherited 25 of the existing 33 shops from their old dad in 1936, claims that the Marble Arch branch has now a turnover of half a million pounds, "which please God should do better with the new face."

Even so, 90 per cent of business, the real nitty gritty, he says is done between 2.30 and 4.30 on a Saturday in the High Streets of Britain. Marble Arch isn't the only one with the face lift (done, incidentally, by Conran). Other key Wallis branches have had the treatment too, Cardiff, Glasgow, Belfast, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Chelsea, Romford and Kingston.

"So ask me why we're doing it," bubbles Jeffrey. And before you're asking he is telling, which saves time. "Business is beautiful, but the shops have had a grotty look. Now I want them to be that a woman can walk into them, you know what I mean, and feel a welcome."

"We want Wallis to move ahead with the quality and price of Marks and Spencer, the excitement of Biba and the personal extra that Wallis has always had."

"We are trying to make ourselves an international organisation. I tell you something: ten years ago if I didn't see at least two dozen of our coats walking around the West End in one hour it would really upset me."

That was ten years ago. Now what he's keenest on, Jeffrey Wallis, is crossing the Channel. And if he finds a High Street half way there, he'll open up a Wallis on the spot.

LES DEJAS (continued)
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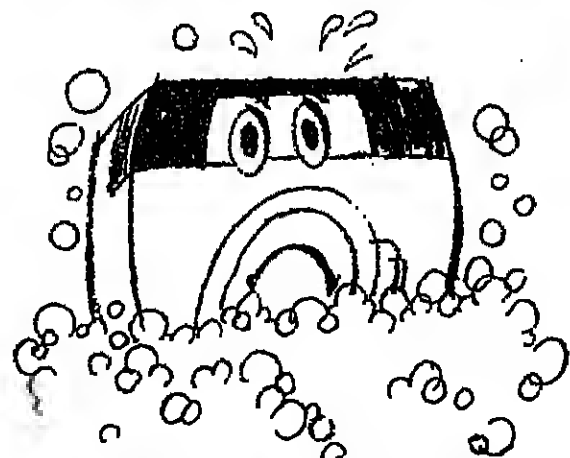
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MASTER LOOK from Wallis: Left, pin-stripe grey suit £22, £21 with skirt instead of trousers, fully fitted double-breasted jacket. Right, and bottle green and white, Hats by Diane Logan. 40 Chiltern Street, W1.



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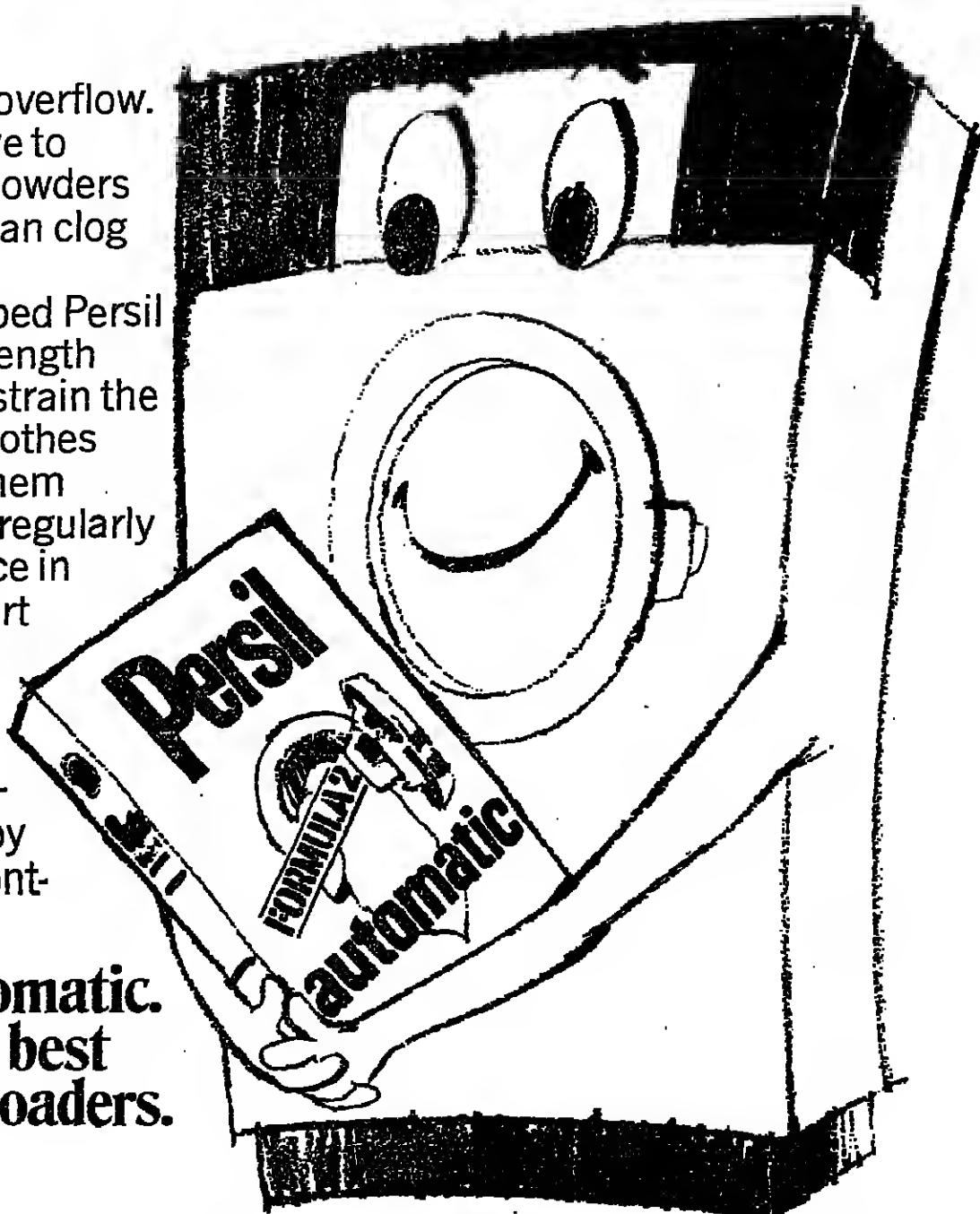
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Front-loaders hate to overflow. But sometimes they have to because most modern powders make a rich lather that can clog up their action.

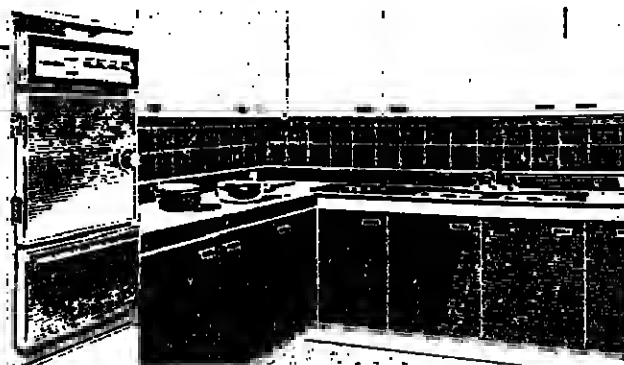
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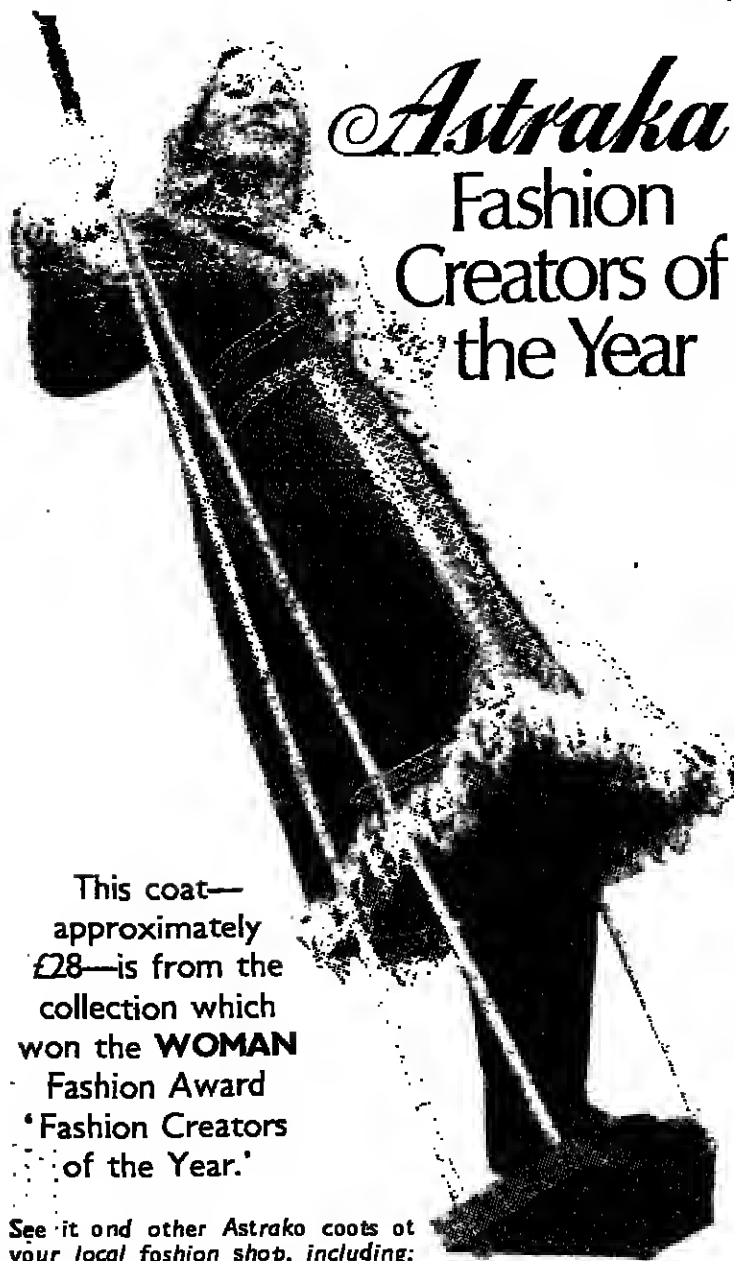
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Blackpool—Diana Warren, Grimsby—Bliss.

SOUTH
Brighton—Solitaire, Portsmouth—Landport Drapery, WEST
Plymouth—Dingles.
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WALES
Cardiff—McRae.
NORTHERN IRELAND
Ballymena—McKilens.
GROUPS
Peter Robinson, Noel/Leon.

LOOK!

The Mrs Spinks Show

ELEANOR BROOKS' studio in her Kentish Town house has been possessed by the presence of Mrs Eva Spinks, her cockney charlady. Paintings and drawings and an intricate collage of Mrs Spinks hang on the wall. A ghostly white plaster of Mrs Spinks, life size, pearls round her neck, stands in the corner by the window next to a shelf of Mrs Spinks' heads.

Mrs Spinks' foot and Mrs Spinks' hands are cast in plaster and there is even a rather grisly Mrs Spinks' three-dimensional puzzle where you take her foot to pieces hone by curling bone and then put it together again.

Mrs Spinks arrived at the Brooks household four years ago in answer to an advertisement for a charlady and when she didn't turn out to be a very good charlady, Eleanor Brooks started using her as a model and Mrs Spinks would sit in the studio and talk and talk.

"She can't sit still and she talks the whole time. She's a good little actress. She can put on a very grand manner or be very vulgar, according to her mood, and I'd start painting her

one day and the next day she'd be completely different. After a while I realised I couldn't get her across just by painting."

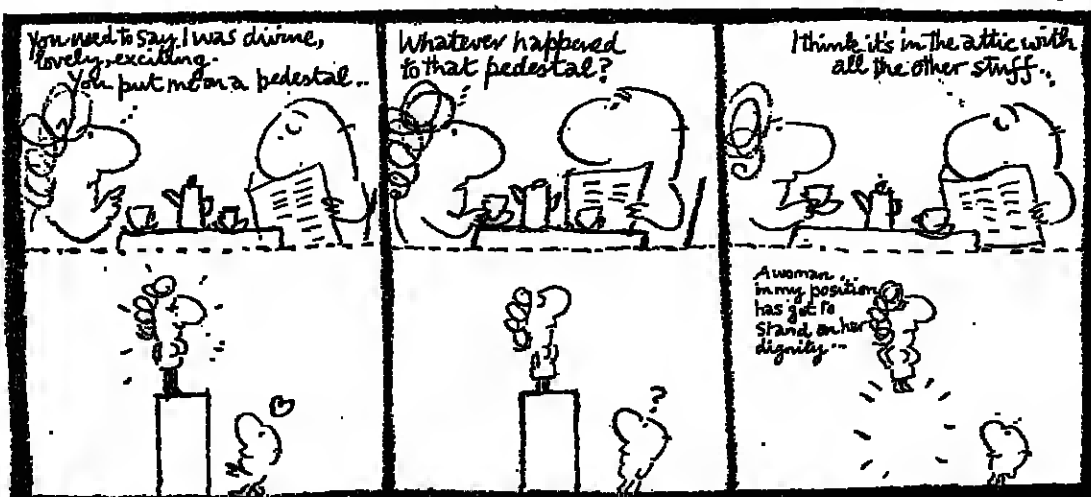
As time passed Eleanor Brooks became involved in Mrs Spinks' life. After a quarrel with her landlord, Mrs Spinks had been thrown out and was picked up in Euston Station, taken to a reception centre and then to a grim old people's home. Eleanor Brooks found her a room and helped her move out. Then two years ago she had the idea of having a whole exhibition round the life of Mrs Spinks.

"I recorded her talking, at first without her knowledge, then one day the tape squeaked and I was a bit apprehensive of her reaction, but all she said when I told her was 'I don't care. It's all the truth.'"

"She's very refined. Her mother was illegitimate, and so is she; she thinks her mother worked for the Lord of the Manor and this is why she's got yearnings. She thinks art and aristocracy go together. At first she 'liked' being painted. She thought she was getting her due at last."

Mrs Spinks' character, tastes, life and hard times will be fully displayed in the final exhibition,

A bank robber:
One who burrows
Rather than borrows.
Bryan Lewis



COUPLES

by Calman



Mrs Spinks, in the flesh and in plaster, and the artist, Eleanor Brooks

which as well as all the artefacts will show Mrs Spinks on film, tape and a collection of her belongings—old dresses, papers, broken jewellery, a sad fox fur.

The exhibition is still looking for a home, but Eleanor Brooks would like it to be a travelling show with a fairground element. What won't be so obviously on display is the relationship that the two women have established. They couldn't be more different. Eleanor Brooks was born on a country estate in Lincolnshire and brought up at second hand by nannies and tutors in an upper-class household and in many ways,

her exposure to Mrs Spinks' life has changed her attitude to and understanding of other people's lives.

"Class comes into it an awful lot. I was brought up by a nanny

and Mrs Spinks was once a nanny in France for a year and she's very illuminating, very sour about her employers. Her criticisms have a purging effect, they've expunged the remnants of upper-

class thinking in me. She can upset me.

"She attacks me and says I'm using her any sort of shakes me, but it's a mutual arrangement. She comes here to talk and I get my own back on her by painting and recording her. That's the key, we're both using each other. She just starts talking and it all comes out, she goes on about funerals, graves, her friends, there's so much to it. It's like a novel by—not a very brilliant novelist, one of those picturesque writers.

"It's made me much tougher. I'm no longer a middle-class liberal. I won't act out of feeling sorry for anyone. Everyone has their own life and you can't be sorry for them.

"I started off thinking that I was better than other people and it was incumbent on me to be nice to those less well off. But it's not a question of whether anyone is better than anyone else, it's simply a question of who wins. Poor old soul, she's never had a success of any kind, she has no relations, no friends and yet she thinks she's as good as I am. My attitude to her isn't patronising now. What I'm saying is that there's poetry in a simple life."

Lesley Garner

AC, DC or BC—a guide to the well-dressed

A MINOR but tragic manifestation of the changing social scene is that one can no longer honestly compile a list of the World's Ten Best-dressed Men.

Back in the 1950s I drew regular attention to myself by annually enumerating such a muster in the old Tailor and Cutter, but a comparable catalogue today would be utterly invalid.

Far from welding us all together in one Great Society, the march of democracy has simply swapped the old vertical class structures based on Prosperity for new horizontal class structures based on Age of the Vocation. Equality has given us all the right to ignore one another's aesthetic standards and withdraw into a continuous attempt to ingratiate ourselves entirely within the particular group wherein our own head is butted.

Before the Second World War, being well-dressed was an immediately appreciable matter of superbly inconspicuous tailoring, intransigently starched collars, impeccably clean linen, and dazzlingly polished boots. Apply such square standards to the image projections of current society and you see where the change lies.

In effect, three sartorial strata have emerged: AC, DC and BC. BC (Before Carnaby) consists of men over the age of, say, 55 whose garment deficiencies were moulded by the sad and sober attitudes of the early thirties. DC (During Carnaby) is the great army of men between the ages of 30 and 55 who were influenced, however reluctantly or unconsciously, by the new wave attitudes towards male fashion which finally allowed the Carnaby Street revolutions of about 15 years ago.

And AC (After Carnaby) represents the male faction of less than 30 years of age who have established their tastes during the period of sartorial anarchy which the new wave fashions brought in tow.

BC standards are still based on the image of Prosperous Rectitude fostered in Victorian and Edwardian societies; DC standards are based on the relaxed and leisurely projections of the post-war period; and AC gets its kicks from the attention-at-any-price impact of visual absurdity.

No list of the World's Ten Best-dressed Men could possibly hope to conform with the standards of three such widely differing strata.

To be attractive nowadays, one has to be effectively dressed in terms of one's own genre. Emulated as he is by millions of disciples, it is impossible to deny that Mick Jagger, say, is effectively dressed—but well dressed he ain't. To a DC man he simply looks pretty grisly; to a BC man he looks homicidally outrageous. With such a vast army of antagonists, Jagger could not therefore be legitimately listed among the world's best dressed men—despite all his emulators. He is at once an example of both the Age and the Vocational class structures, and in the latter there is an inherent esotericism which excludes the wide appreciation which nomination for a

World's Best-dressed list demands.

At trade levels, these vocational esoterics often involve smatterings of the old Victorian sartorial snobberies—which renders them doubly confusing. Franco Lagattola of the Mario and Franco set-up, for example, would justify his listing among the Best-dressed Restaurateurs—but his restrained tailoring and precisely chosen accessories identify his visual appreciation as being among the EC category, despite his DC age category. He could not, logically, be considered for the Big League.

Rival Alvaro, on the other hand, is inclined to identify with the slight eccentricities of the swingers who constitute his clientele and the EC category would probably regard this copying of his customers as slight impertinence.

A significant event in the period of change was Harold Macmillan, when Prime Minister, allowing himself to be photographed leaving church in a pair of trousers heavily patched at the knee. Presumably this involved the suggestion (a) that he was economising in the interests of the nation's parlous economic situation or (b) that the frictional rigours of his Sunday supplication had forced perforations.

What curious mental attitude could persuade the Chief Executive of a proud nation to stomp about in trousers at only for Dutch men and such men? It was simply an early example of the aim for sartorial effectiveness

rather than sartorial effect. It is an attitude which has rendered impossible any widely acceptable list of Best-dressed Men.

I first became aware of the changing attitudes in sartorial appraisal when Harry Truman was asked to reply to some criticisms I had published of his wardrobe. I felt the old authority shifting out from under me as he dismissed what ten years before would have been anxiously considered. "Go tell him," said Mr Truman, "to mind his own goddam business."

I withdrew from the lists and surrendered the annual responsibility to the Clothing Manufacturers' Federation.

To end on a happy note I can record that, doubtless in deference to services rendered, the Federation included my own name in their Best-dressed Men list for 1962, under the citation: "Mr Taylor is a fluent dresser and always appears even late in the day, as though he had just finished dressing."

Fluent, according to the dictionary, means "with ease and rapidity"—and I accepted the citation with considerable self-satisfaction. It is my talent for rapid dressing, indeed, which is undoubtedly the reason for my over having been cited by anyone other than the Clothing Manufacturers' Federation.

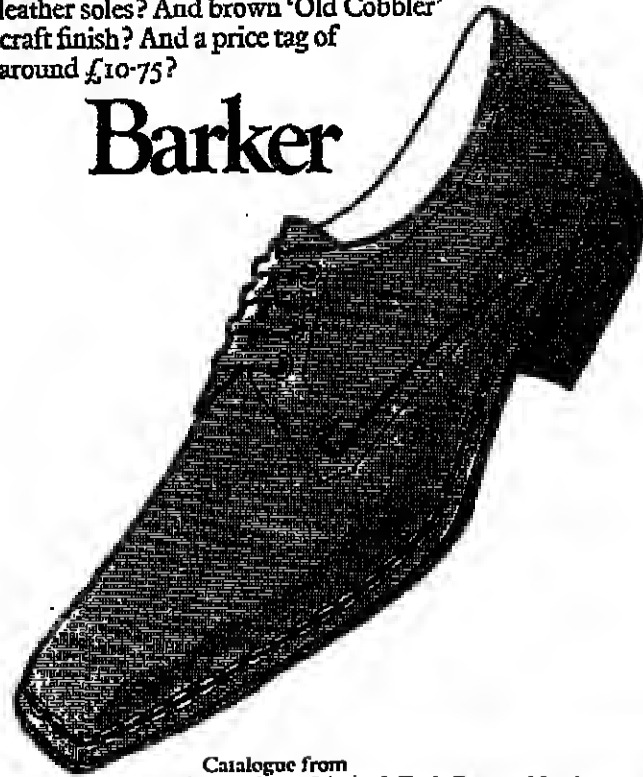
John Taylor

who is editor of the new fashion magazine *Style*

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the trousers



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IN MY FASHION

WEAVE AND YVES by Ernestine Carter

ANA BALFOUR is a weaver, not, she says, a "normal" weaver. Unlike "normal" weavers, she weaves rather, strings of tape, not in the usual way but, as he explains, "held together by knots." She doesn't even have a loom but weaves on frames from 6in x 12in to six feet square. Twenty-two-year-old Miss Balfour left Saint Martin's School of Art fifteen months ago. She

officially studied dress design, but in her last year, "got keen on weaving." Her first experiment was weaving lengths of chamois which she took to Nutter's, who made them into waistcoats.

Vogue's eagle-eyed Special Projects Editor, Judy Brittain, spotted the waistcoats and Miss Balfour. She suggested that Miss Balfour make something up. "So," says Miss Balfour, "I made a circle." That is, she took a

circle of fabric and divided it into quarters, one quarter each for the front and back of the smock. One quarter for each sleeve. The smock we show is also a circle. In fact, says Miss Balfour, everything she does is based on circles.

Moving circularly ourselves, we come back to the first circle which Vogue photographed. At this point things ground to a temporary halt, for as is the custom of fashion magazines (and pages), items published must be available for readers to buy or, in our vernacular, they must have stockists.

Miss Balfour had no stockist, so she went off and got herself one—Brown's in South Molton Street. "They took a smock to see what happened," Brown's sold the first one right away and have continued to sell them throughout the summer, twenty so far, at £30 each.

Miss Balfour is one of the young designers whom Miss Brittain has tapped to start a pet project. The project is to find a workroom (as inexpensive as possible) where young designers can work. To begin with, says Miss Brittain, their needs are simple: space, a table, a Bernina machine (for embroidery), a knitting machine, a telephone, and later perhaps a secretary.

So far Miss Brittain has picked six designers, each doing something original and special. And, adds Miss Brittain, "well thought out and beautifully carried through." Besides Miss Balfour, there are Susan Kemp and Diana Harrison, both ex-Goldsmiths, now at the Royal College of Art. Susan Kemp does what Miss Brittain calls "fabulous fabric designs, intricate and poetic." Diana Harrison's designs Miss Brittain describes as "witty, more geometric."

Both girls have developed their own technique of padded quilting—the puffy silky Oriental kind Yamamoto used in heavy ridges, that Yves Saint Laurent used in squares. Miss Kemp and Miss Harrison use it rather like repoussé is used in silver, to bring their patterns into high relief.

Vai Yorston, also Goldsmiths, is an embroiderer with a pyrotechnical array of stitches at her finger tips. Elizabeth Mellor, who left Goldsmiths two years ago, is just starting. Her forte is embroidery and appliqué used in new and unconventional ways.

The other two members of the sextet are older than the girls whose ages range from twenty to twenty-three. One is Lillian Delevoyas, a Greek-American, whom Miss Brittain first found in New York, but who now lives here. "She paints in fabric," says Miss Brittain.

The senior member is Michael Haynes (who has designed the setting for the coming Fashion Exhibition at the V & A).

The list is not closed. Miss Brittain plans to go on "picking people. I think it's good to have people streaming through. As some of them go on, new ones will come in, otherwise ideas get static."

There is a wonderful lot of young talent about. The important thing is to give it a place where it can work freely and independently, without compromise or constraint.

Miss Brittain's plan could flower into the kind of atelier one finds abroad, one which could be of as great value to the fashion industry as to the designers, for it would provide a place where they could see what young talent is up to, discern the direction in which the young pathfinders are moving. In fact, it could prove so valuable that some farsighted fabric house, some farsighted manufacturer will, I think, be sure to want to play Maecenas.

CHARITY YVES-NING: On Tuesday, 28th September, Yves Saint Laurent will show both his Paris Couture and his Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Collections at a Gala evening at the London Planetarium in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children which will be attended by Princess Margaret. Doors open at 10 pm, fashion show at 11 pm (exactly); dancing at Madame Tussaud's until 2 am. Tickets £6 each include breakfast from Mrs Michael Bowater, NSPCC, 1 Riding House Street, W1P 8AA (01-580 8812).



YVES SAINT LAURENT: a shiny black circ blouse wraps over a black polo necked jersey and matching long Johns; a red for "chubby" flashes a green plastic heart pierced by a rhinestone arrow; on the feet, black suede wedge-heeled sandals. Blouse, £38; jersey and long Johns, £20.50; red for chubby, £400; heart brooch, £14; black sheer tights, £2.75; sandals, £14.

YVES SAINT LAURENT: olive green glazed cotton quilted jacket over an orange ribbed polo necked sweater and brown wool jersey skirt; matching quilted baggy boots and shoulder bag, knitted tea cosy cap in orange, brown and green (note: not always worn over the eyes). Jacket, £43; sweater, £11.50; skirt, £22.50; boots, £30; bag, £43; cap, £6.75. All from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Hair by Michael of Michaeljohn. Photographs by Barry Lategan.

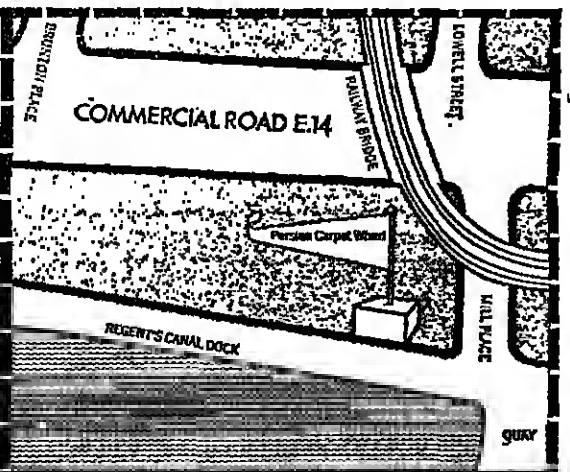


Drawing by Christian Bense

The New Yorker magazine invented a Funny Coincidence Department. Here are two candidates. Above, Yves Saint Laurent's most copied coat. Below, 1945's most copied coat, reaching Hollywood three years later to be worn by Rita Hayworth for a publicity still.



Photograph by courtesy of the British Film Institute



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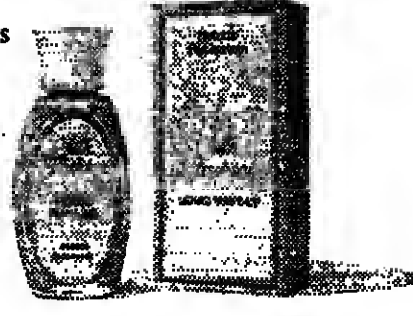
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ACROSS

- 1 Get a grip of the members of the club, item by item, (4)
- 3 They carry on smoking in the main (10)
- 10 How could this Premier possibly have given no quarter? (5)
- 11 Felt so responsive to magnetic charm. (9)
- 12 Instructions to get out and join the troops? (8, 6)
- 14 Does he hit hard at garden pests? (7)
- 15 It provides a singularly correct view of life. (7)
- 17 Presented an object conceded as a handicap. (7)
- 19 Kliss etc. in a huddle—most pining? (7)
- 20 The soft hen lays in order to remain unemployed! (4, 2, 3, 5)
- 21 Actors need an alternative to that moving spirit, but it's strong medicine. (6, 3)
- 24 Novice follows river bird (5)
- 25 Sends a tree to the inhabitants of Whitechapel perhaps. (4-6)
- 26 "Help me to tear it from thy Throne, and worship thee—" (Cowper). (4)

DOWN

- 1 The people are just uses this (5)
- 2 (Trick) (4)
- 4 (5)
- 5 He certifies his children's lines. (2)
- 6 A space (3, 4)
- 6 Settled (3)
- 8 (3)
- 9 (3)
- 10 Place up (3)
- 11 Team ter (3)
- 8 Team ver (4)
- 9 Rules for ground— (3)
- 11 as well (3)
- 14 A source (3)
- 15 Those of (3)
- 16 Compete (3)
- 17 tionally (3)
- 18 This into (3)
- 19 Depress (3)
- 20 explained (3)
- 21 a tooth. (3)
- 19 He st (3)
- 21 Cricketer (3)
- 22 It's paid (3)
- 23 last bri (3)

1	2	3	4	5	6

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